

COUNTRY LIFE

ILLUSTRATED.

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Photo. by J. THOMSON,

LADY SARAH WILSON.

70a, Grosvenor Street, W.

THATCHING THE RICKS.

THATCH is the oldest form of roof known in this country. There seems no doubt that, when the first inhabitants emerged from caves and built houses, they covered these with thatch—not straw, for they probably grew no corn, but reeds or rushes. In Devonshire, evidence of this still survives, for the wheat straw, when used for thatching, is always called "reed." Now that the harvest is gathered, and the finishing touches are being put to the thatching of the ricks, the uniform excellence of this branch of farm work can be noted. One scarcely ever sees an untidy rick, though the work is usually done not by professional thatchers, but by a farm labourer trained to the work, like the man who is COMBING THE THATCH in our illustration.

To thatch a rick he needs a long ladder which will lie at the exact slope of the rick top, some stout tarred cord, and a stock of those sharp and dangerous wooden spikes known as rick pins. Cutting these pins is a special art, just as cutting

the thatch is six inches, and it will protect the corn below from all weather for three years if necessary.

On house and barn roofs the thatch is laid a foot deep, and should remain sound for at least fifteen years. In a windy place it should be still more durable, for there the thatch dries quickly, and the moss does not collect.

Thatching roof is difficult work and slow. Every niche of straw must be fastened to the laths on the rafters below with twine. Then there must be extra coats round the bases of chimneys, and a double layer on the gables. At the edges, where in ordinary roofs the barge-boards are placed, the thatch is quilted and doubled, and secured with pegs and cross-patterns of split hazel.

Pretty rustic effects are gained in this way, especially where the thatcher makes a clever use of rows of straw with the threshed ears adhering, such as grooms plait for stable edgings. The advantages of thatch are its lightness, warmth in winter, and coolness in summer, for it lets no heat in, and allows none



Photo. by J. W. Dick.

COMBING THE THATCH.

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wooden skewers is a trick only understood in perfection by gipsies. The pins are bayonet-shaped splinters of hazel, nicked and twisted in the centre. A leg guard of leather, with which he presses a store of wet straw under his knee, and a very sharp knife, complete the thatcher's equipment.

Meantime a boy, or sometimes a woman who knows the work, prepares the straw. This is known as "helming." The straw is wetted, pulled out straight, and stuck in bundles into the tall fork of wood, shown in the illustration. There it is combed out with a stick stuck full of nails, and when the fork is full it is fastened at the top by a chain, and carried within reach of the thatcher. The latter begins at the bottom, or eaves, of his rick, and, working up his ladder step by step, carries a strip of thatching, some 2ft. wide, to the peak of the stack. Then descending, he lays parallel strips, and continues the work until he has completed the circle. If he is a bit of an artist, he puts an ornamental cap on the top, and finishes up with a lover's-knot in straw twist, or an elegant arrangement of hazel twigs. The whole is then combed down and made neat and smart, according to the standard of art in the rickyard. The depth of

to escape. On the other hand, it is not cheap, costing 4s. 6d. per square of roof.—roft. by roft. Another disadvantage of thatch is that it is almost impossible to catch the rain water by means of gutters, which are also unsightly on the edge of thatch. In some recently-built training stables there is a cap of thatch over tiles, the latter projecting at the eaves, and being fitted with rain-gutters. The thatch is added to keep the roof cool. Very low buildings, and above all summer-houses, should not be thatched. Insects love these roofs, and though on the house roof the presence of spiders and earwigs makes no difference, in the summer-house roof they are too near to be agreeable.

The danger from fire is doubtless the great drawback to the picturesque and comfortable thatched roof. Only last week news came of a most disastrous village fire at Ravenstone, near Newport Pagnell. More than half the village was burnt down, and twenty cottages and farms, with barns and ricks, were seen all in a blaze at once. The cause could be traced with certainty. A spark from a threshing engine lodged on the thatched roof of a barn, and as the thatch was dry it took fire, and the whole

barn was alight in a few minutes. This rapid exterior burning is only possible in the case of thatched buildings; other structures nearly always burn from *within*. From the barn the fire spread to a rick, probably a straw rick, for wheat ricks do not burn readily, and from the rickyard it spread to the houses. Villages and little towns stand a very poor chance when a big fire gets well under way. There are no "standpipes" and mains with fire-plugs ready, and the water supply from pumps and ponds is apt to be at its lowest just at the most dangerous time for village fires—the end of harvest. Formerly, when most of the houses in small country towns were thatched, disasters like that at Ravenstone were quite common. In such cases it was usual to make collections in the churches of the diocese to assist the sufferers. When the fire was more serious than usual, these collections were made even in other dioceses. For example, collections were made, early in the last century, in the churches of Suffolk for the sufferers by a very bad fire in Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire.

Heather makes a very pretty and durable thatch; so does rye straw. In districts where straw is scarce, bracken fern, and even rushes, are used. Gray's "Swallow twittering in the straw-built shed" was not a mere poet's fancy, for the sides, as

well as the roofs of farm sheds, were often filled in with upright walls of rye straw, fastened to cross beams. But the reed thatches and reed walls of Holland are the finest exposition of the art. They are used, the former for roofs, and for covering the sides of buildings not quite perpendicular, especially the wind-mills, and the latter for dividing gardens, and so sheltering tender and early vegetables from the wind and cold.

The roofs and mill sides look from a distance exactly as if covered in brown velvet, the lustre and softness being in some way suggested by the short, overlapping ends of the brownish-grey reeds. These are grown in the wettest corners of Holland, where even Dutch industry cannot pump out the water.

Thatch is going out of fashion on the best farmed estates. These Dutch barns are used to put straw and corn under in a hurry when the weather is uncertain. In the London area thatch is, we believe, no longer allowed by the bye-laws. The Thatched House Club retains the memory of its former use; but we believe that almost the last, and certainly the most beautiful, piece of thatching in London was the roof of Craven Cottage, by the river, above the Bishop of London's Palace, at Fulham. It was built in 1790, inhabited by Sir Bulwer Lytton, and burnt down, when already nearly ruined, some nine years ago.

Country Life

ILLUSTRATED.

THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Lady Sarah Wilson	337
Combing the Thatch; Thatching the Ricks	338
Leonardslee; The "Paradise" at Leonardslee	343
Dinner à la Russe	343
The Party Breaking Up	344
The Emu Paddock	345
Two are Company	345
In the Wood; Wood Pigeons	346
A Favourite Roosting-Place	347
Chadbury Mill, Evesham	348
Miss Grenfell; Cycling Notes	348
Waiting for the Flight; Duck Shooting	349
The Terrace Garden; Country Homes: Groombridge Place	350
Across the Moat	350
Groombridge Place	351
View from the Road	352
The Large Paddock; the Home of Rest for Horses	352
The Home Paddock	353
The Farm	353
Some Pensioners	354
Miss Birbeck and Her Pomeranians; the Kennel: Some Ladies' Dogs	355
Mrs. Kindell's Bantam	355
Lavos Loris	355
Miss Gordon with Peridot and Funkah	356
Steeplechasing; a Clever Dog	356
Leaping Over a Stick	357
Begging	357
Hampton Brook; a Narrow Escape	358
The Stable-yard at Colwick Park	358
Hayseed; a Four Year Old Steeplechaser	359
The Race-course Stables, Manchester	359
Cantering to the Post	360
In Tattersall's Enclosure	360
The Finish of a Race	361
A Nest on an Old Hat; Another Curious Nesting-place	362

LITERARY.

Thatching the Ricks	338
Country Notes	339
Our Portrait Illustration	342
The Hunting-Horn	342
On the Green	342
The "Paradise" at Leonardslee	343
Wood Pigeons	346
Cycling Notes	348
Duck Shooting	349
Country Homes: Groombridge Place; by John Leyland	350
The Home of Rest for Horses	352
Books of the Day	354
The Kennel: Some Ladies' Dogs	355
A Clever Dog	356
Correspondence	357
A Narrow Escape	358
A Four Year Old Steeplechaser	358
Racing Notes	359
The Horse in Heraldry	361

Partridge Shooting in France	361
Town Topics	362
Another Curious Nesting-place	362
In the Garden	364

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

* * The photograph, "A Yorkshire Valley," which appeared in our issue of September 18th, was taken by Mr. J. B. Smithson, The Photo Studios, Leyburn, Yorkshire.

Volume I. of COUNTRY LIFE is now ready, containing 738 pages of reading matter, with 1,221 illustrations, printed on art paper. Cloth, gilt edges, 21s.; or, half morocco, 25s.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration—and if suitable to accept and pay for—photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, bearing upon any of the subjects of which COUNTRY LIFE can treat, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short sporting stories dealing with racing, hunting, etc.

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COUNTRY NOTES.

ON the whole the weather of the past week has been thoroughly seasonable. The gales, which are to be expected just at the time of the Equinox, have been of an exceptionally mild character, but the strong wind has acted as a reminder of the change of season in a most unmistakable manner. London has been visited by the first fog, not, perhaps, of "the London particular" variety, but still sufficiently dense to be unpleasant. The prospects of the immediate future are favourable, as, with the impending opening of the pheasant shooting season, is much to be desired.

It may be accepted as an axiom that it is unwise to argue generalities from individual cases, and if the rise in the price of bread presses hardly on some portion of the community, it is an indisputable fact that wheat at 38s. or 40s. per quarter is better for the country at large than the same commodity at half the price, more especially when our own crops are good and the rise in price is due to "shortage" abroad. It means that millions of money which would have gone into foreign pockets remain in the country, to be circulated among the labouring classes in the shape of wages. Increased activity on farmlands means an increase in demand and consequently higher value for labour, with the corollary that if the loaf is dearer the purchaser has more money in his possession with which to obtain it. But perhaps the greatest benefit which will accrue from the enhanced price is the impetus it will give to wheat growing, an industry the importance of which will never be fully recognised until war or other calamity deprives us in a greater or less degree of our supplies from abroad, when it will be too late to regret the fact that foreign competition and the cheap loaf have almost killed the agricultural industry.

Proof, if any were needed, of the soundness of these views is furnished by the fact that during the past week the Bank of England has raised the rate of discount, *i.e.*, money is worth more, its purchasing power has increased—presumptive, although not conclusive, evidence of an improvement in the state of trade. The fact is that cheap wheat, like cheap money, is little

real good to the nation. We have had a good long term of both, and are very little better off for our experience. Even those who have funds to invest have found that, owing to the cheapness of money, the prices of securities which have any pretensions to safety have been so inflated that only the most meagre return is possible for capital invested. A rise in the prices of wheat and money will mean better dividends, more money put into circulation, improved conditions of the labour market—benefits which must reach "the masses," and, as it was expressed last week, "do much to mitigate the hardships of the dear loaf."

Captain Quin having written an apologetic letter to Dr. MacCabe, the owner of Sabine Queen, we have probably heard the last of the Londonderry Stakes at the late Leopardstown Meeting, and the Doctor will not proceed any further with his threatened action against the Leopardstown stewards. All the same, it is expected that the Irish Turf Club will take some decided course with regard to their short "five furlongs."

Cricket has been a long time in taking hold of the American people, but from personal accounts from some of the teams playing there now, the popularity of the game has made large strides in the last year or two, and bids fair to oust baseball from its exalted position. The crowds have been larger than usual and more enthusiastic, and the cricket of a higher class. Some of the matches played by Mr. Warner's team have, it is true, been against swarms of colts—a class of encounter as little interesting as cricket can be made, but the interest of the more serious matches has made amonement. In the last, against our old friends the Philadelphians, the English eleven collapsed in an altogether sensational manner. After dismissing the home side for just over 200 runs, they lost in the few minutes' batting at the end of the day four wickets for absolutely no runs. The next day they were all out for 63, King, who made such a sensation against Sussex with his pace and curl in the air, taking all ten wickets. Some plucky hitting in the second innings retrieved the position, but though the Englishmen put together 372 in their second venture, the Philadelphians were equal to the occasion, and made the necessary 194 runs for the loss of nine wickets, thus winning a grand game with one wicket to spare.

There are certain states of the weather that naturally suggest certain sports. Everyone knows a good fishing morning when he sees one, and there are certain moods of a summer evening when the mind naturally recurs to "a coachman" on a trout stream. There is "the southerly wind and a cloudy sky," dear to hounds and hunting men, and there are these soft autumn mornings with the sun trying hard to beat the mist, that are suggestive and typical of nothing but cubbing. They are certainly not suggestive of football, which, however, is getting rapidly into season, in ruthless disregard of the state of heat of its devotees.

During this week most of the big Rugby Union clubs will begin to play. Blackheath, one of the most sporting as well as the strongest, have already played a fierce trial game, and from the result seem likely to possess the same plethora of talent that has made also their second team a dreaded opponent. It is said that the Rugby game is losing its popularity in many places, but there are certainly few apparent signs of any such diminution of interest. In fact, the contrary seems the case, for a number of new clubs have lately joined the Union, and if the Association game is apparently occupying more and more interest, there is yet plenty of room for both.

The most regrettable fact about the game is the extraordinary want of unity about scoring and even about some of the essential rules. In the North, for instance, where a different system of points was first started, they now punt, instead of throwing into touch. They have doubtless by this innovation increased the pace of the game, and have also more than doubled the danger. Almost all the bad accidents both at cricket and football have been from collisions consequent on two people running for a high dropping ball. This consideration is not so unworthy of notice as it may sound, and when the difficulty of punting straight and the mistake of creating unnecessary differences between North and South be taken into account, it seems a pity that such a change should have been put into practice.

The fact is that the extraordinary rapidity of the growth of football has baffled the skill of management. There has, perhaps, been too great an anxiety to centralise and reduce to system. Unions of all sorts, boards, associations, have sprung up with most dimly detailed functions and often of most anomalous constitution. The result is that they have done on the whole more harm than good, in spite of the best motives; they have attempted to be patrons of people who did not acknowledge themselves clients, and, in their anxiety to maintain the

purity of the game, have on several occasions fixed on unfortunate instances for the exercise of their functions, and passed harassing rules without sufficient reason. It is to be hoped that the Rugby Union, at any rate, will get more into harmony, but it cannot be pretended that the signs are favourable.

Scotland, so far as her sporting season has yet gone, has proved rather an unfortunate country this year. Her grouse are below the average. On famous moors, such as those of Moy, in the North, not more than about half the normal bags have been shot, and this really not on account of disease, which has been more confined to the Southern moors, but owing to severe cold and rains about the time of the hatch out. Some of the Northern moors, even, are not being shot at all; and this is a great misfortune for those who happen to have a stock of birds worth shooting on those moors that march with the one on which there is no gunning. For the birds will inevitably betake themselves to the place where they find themselves least liable to be disturbed, being as wise in their generation as their betters. And, if the grouse are already proved poor, those rivers on which the autumn angling has yet been put to the proof have given no better results. The lack of fish has been remarkable, both in the rivers and—with the exception of one notable day in the Tay, that produced something like a miraculous draught—on the coast.

For the rest, the season has been disastrous for the net owners. And not only has there been an "abundant scarcity" of salmon, but the herring fishing, too, has proved absolutely calamitous. Virtually there have been no herring on the coast, and the people on the East Coast who depend on the herring for much of their livelihood have suffered correspondingly. The fishermen themselves have not, perhaps, suffered so much as the "coopers"—men who make the barrels—for these latter are generally working more or less on their own capital, and directly for their own pockets, whereas the fishermen are generally paid the bulk of their wages out of the capital of the bigger man who owns the herring smacks, and only depend for a portion of their earnings on the percentage of the profits. The smack owners, of course, have been terribly hard hit, often being actually out of pocket for the expenses of boats that in ordinary seasons should pick up sixty or seventy pounds' profit. The "coopers" have all their barrels on their hands; none of them, speaking roundly, have been wanted. Only a few years ago, when the fishing was exceptionally good, they struck for higher prices; but now they have fallen again on evil times.

These times would have been even more evil for all the East Coast people, had it not fortunately chanced that they did get a few fair catches after the foreign boats—West Coasters and Norwegians, etc.—had given the thing up as a bad job and gone to their respective homes; but, though not as gloomy as they might have been, the results are black enough. All down the coast indeed, even as far as Norfolk, there has been a conspicuous absence of fish life. On the shores of that latter English county a good haul of sea trout is now and again taken in ordinary years with the seine-nets; but this year the takes have been very occasional and meagre. The only exception seems to be with the flat fish—small soles taken in the Wash. They are in greater plenty than for several years past—indeed, since the days when the soles of the King's Lynn district used to be famous—but it is really a shame to catch them while they are but half grown. Nevertheless, it is not to be denied that they are good for breakfast, and so selfish are we that we would rather have them for breakfast now, at half size, than spare them that some other good folk may have them when they are double the size. Such is human nature.

The trawlers have been very much more fortunate than the herring fishers, so that on the whole the catch of fish on the East Coast has been of more value this past August than in August of last year, in spite of the failure of the herring. The price of herring, too, has been high, in proportion to the scarcity of the fish, though a big catch, just lately taken, at Lerwick has sent it down a little. But this does not help the unhappy "coopers" of the East Coast. And it is chiefly the brill, the plaice, and the flounder that have made up the catch to a respectable total. After all, this seems to be of a piece with the abundance of small soles in the Wash, so, if the salmon and the herring are temporarily deserting us, it seems that their loss may be made up to us in the shape of flatter fish. It does not make up their loss, however, to those who are engaged specially in the herring and salmon catching trades.

Partridge shooting in most parts of Ireland has been far from satisfactory—not so much from a scarcity of birds, for coveys were pretty numerous as a rule, and of good size, but because of illegal shooting before the opening day, which is the 20th of September on that side of the Channel. People who take out game licences and adhere to the legal day, naturally

resent this state of things, and influence is being brought to bear on Government to urge that measures be taken to put a stop to the wholesale poaching which goes on. The assimilation of dates for the opening of partridge shooting in Ireland is very desirable, as the twenty days' start which we have on this side of the Channel gives the Irish poacher an excellent opportunity, which he is not slow to avail himself of. Some years ago the close season for grouse in Ireland extended up to the 20th of August, but it was found advisable to change it to the 12th. The dates for partridge shooting should, in the same way, be assimilated.

A rather anomalous state of affairs, too, is to be observed in the Irish Game Laws in regard to partridge shooting, for while the season does not open until the 20th of September, the close season begins on the 11th of January, instead of the 2nd of February, as in England and Scotland. Pheasants used to be "shootable" in Ireland on the 20th of September, with the partridges, but the time was changed to the 1st of October. It may also be mentioned that, in addition to the usual "game" birds, widgeon, teal, and plover come under the category in Ireland by 27 & 28 Vict., c. 67. There is also a close season for hares, ranging from the 1st of March in the County Limerick, and the 1st of April in the majority of counties, to the 12th of August all over Ireland. There are half a dozen different dates for the commencement of the close season for hares, which makes it very confusing, and encourages poaching. Altogether the Irish Game Laws want some looking over, if all the poaching which is going on leaves anything to legislate for.

The past week in Ireland was very favourable for hunting operations, and most of the Irish packs have been rattling the cubs about. The Tipperary Hounds have had some capital sport already, and, with plenty of game foxes, an excellent season is anticipated. Regular hunting with the "Tips" will begin about the middle of the month.

The number of coursing meetings to be held in Ireland in October and November, shows that hares must be getting much more numerous than they were a few years ago, when many meetings had to be abandoned from lack of game. In the present month there are fixtures at Kilkenny, Portarlington, Borris-in-Ossory, and Kilmarnock, and in November at Ennis, Blackbrae, Dunsandle, Clonmel, and Borris-in-Ossory. At the Tralee (County Kerry) Meeting last week, Mr. Beyer's f.w.d. Octavius (Donald Slyboots—Ocean Witch), the winner of the Tralee Puppy Stakes, ran very well, as he did the previous week at the North Union Meeting at Massereene Park. He comes of Mr. R. M. Douglas's blood on both sides, and is one of a litter of three. John Coke travelled over to Kerry to try and buy him, as he was greatly struck by his running at the Northern meeting, but no deal was made.

There are many curious comments to be picked up on the practical working of the Ground Game Act, but a request recently made by a farmer in one of the Northern Counties is more ludicrously subversive of the object of the Act—the preservation of the crops—than usual. There happened to be a copse lying in the very middle of the farmer's corn, and he threatened, with some show of reasonable wrath, to sue the hirer of the shooting for damage to his crops, unless the killing of the rabbits in this copse was given over into his hands. Permission was at once granted, but instead of reducing the tale of rabbits, the farmer heaped up piles of bush faggots in the neighbourhood in order to provide cover, and at last made an urgent request that some barbed wire with which the copse was fenced in might be taken down, because it pricked the rabbits and made them desert the spot. It is only of late that the value of ground game has been appreciated by farmers, and it seems from the above instance that they more than pay for the corn they eat—even at 40s. a quarter.

Though the partial destruction of the village of Ravenstone, last week, is an instance of the difficulty of stopping fires among ricks and barns, if thatch is properly wetted it does not take light readily, nor do all ricks burn quickly, or with enough flame to kindle others, unless built imprudently close. A correspondent writes from Berkshire:—"On coming home from shooting last week I witnessed the burning of a newly-made rick of barley and the combined efforts of the villagers to put it out. As such a scene is necessarily impromptu, I venture to set down what I saw, in case it may interest your readers. The rick was just made and thatched, and stood alone behind a row of cottages and houses. It had been alight for more than an hour, and a strong wind was blowing; but the fire, though deep, had not a hold on more than a third of the stack, and this was smouldering and not blazing, though pouring out volumes of smoke. The cause was that the rick was built up of tightly-bound sheaves of barley, each of which was, like a well-bound book, rather difficult to set light to. Men were busy taking off and pitching down sheaves from the unburnt side, while on the burning side the hose of the village fire-engine was directed.

"This machine was a curiosity. It was a little engine, painted yellow, like an old-fashioned chariot, and in shape was something like an upright piano standing in a tray. At one end was its date and the name of its maker—William Cole, Lambeth, 1779—on the other end the names of the churchwardens, in whose right it was purchased, were inscribed, and to the credit of the maker and of the Parish Council, this little engine, 118 years old, was in good working order. Eight men were pumping a short, quick stroke on each side, with others ready to take their places, while some thirty or forty wives and daughters were fetching water in pails from the pumps and wells, and pouring it into the 'tray' in which the engine stood. No one talked and everyone worked. The girls, with their faces flushed and the pretty pink or blue dresses splashed with water, were certainly model 'firemen,' and most picturesque as well as willing workers. I believe half the stack was saved." Before the days of fire-engines the only protection against a village fire spreading was to pull down the neighbouring houses. To do this long poles with hooks attached, and ladders for unroofing thatch, were kept in the churches. Both the roof-hooks and ladders were, until recently, to be seen in the big church at Debenham, in Suffolk.

Lathom is hard at it, practising for the greatest of all racket matches, which has been fixed for the 16th of this month. His opponent, the American champion, has been for several weeks already in this country, so it is evident that neither man means to let go a chance by carelessness or slackness of training. Of course, Lathom has for the last year or so given all his serious attention to tennis; but yet, on coming back to his old love, it is scarcely to be noticed that he has lost any of that wonderful dash and energy that served him so well in both, but especially in the quicker game of rackets. Meanwhile, lovers of the more classical game cannot but regret that Lathom should have been tempted to give it up, even for a time, in favour of rackets, though we are all keenly interested in the fight with the American, and "desperate keen" that he shall win. Nevertheless, it is to be regretted. He was learning to put the finish of scientific skill on his marvellous activity and resource in the tennis court, and though he may come back again, after the international racket contest, even more dashing than before, he will surely have lost something of the grace and science that he was acquiring.

The Phoenix Park was the paradise of Dublin cyclists, as they could scorch along the footpaths regardless of 123B and Co. Now all is changed, as from the 1st of October no cyclist can use the footpath, and there is much sorrow. In the southern suburbs of Dublin, an active raid is carried on against footpath-riding cyclists. Ladies are the chief offenders, and grim married constables have been put on, as it was found that the "force" was too susceptible to the attractions of the fair sex, and that the young good-natured giants of the Dublin Metropolitan Police were not proof against the pleadings of the pretty maidens who were breakers of the law.

It is very hard to deny our sympathy to one who is pleading for the life of a creature that has so many points of character eminently British as our small friend the sparrow, but it is to be feared that though "Ouida" gains every heart by her advocacy of mercy to him, it is Miss Ormerod rather who, by her facts and statistics, must win the assent of our reason. Every sentimental argument is in the sparrow's favour, but every appeal to fact is given against him, for the price of wheat is high, and we cannot afford him all the bushels that his unchecked myriads will devour.

On Monday, the Bedale Hounds met at Patrick Brompton, and after a short delay, trotted on to Wildwood, where several foxes were soon on the move. Hounds quickly succeeded in killing one, and three others broke away in various directions. Another cub was viewed, and hounds bristled him about for over an hour, and eventually pulled him down. Trotting across a few fields to a small wood near Finghall Station, a cub was viewed away, and Holland, who, by the way, has recovered from his recent serious accident, quickly getting hounds out of cover, a very fast run of 20 min. ensued, the fox at last succeeding in reaching the shelter of a drain, with hounds close to his brush. Digging was resorted to, and after some little time had been spent at the work, a fresh fox bolted, and hounds raced him across the park in view till, a check ensuing at Danby Whin, hounds were stopped and taken back to the drain where the cub fox was still hidden. After considerable digging, and just as the search was being given up, the cub was discovered, and hounds killed him before he could get away. After the last obsequies had been performed, hounds were taken home. Already six and a-half brace of cubs have been killed as a result of the eight mornings' sport.

HIPPIAS.

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

LADY SARAH WILSON, whose portrait appears on the frontispiece, is the youngest daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, and sister of the late Duke, also of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. In 1891 she became the wife of Mr. Gordon Chesney Wilson, R.H.G., son of the late Sir Samuel Wilson, M.P. Her little son is nearly three years old. Lady Sarah's five sisters are Lady Wimborne, Lady de Ramsey, Lady Tweedmouth, the Duchess of Roxburghe, and Lady Curzon.

THE HUNTING-HORN.

THE shape of the early hunting-horn is a question concerning which a very wide divergence of opinion still exists. At the present day, the majority of hunting men would probably ridicule the idea of English sportsmen ever having tolerated such an absurd and cumbersome instrument in the hunting-field as the large French horn; but there can be but little doubt that the familiar short, straight metal horn, carried in a leathern bucket at the saddle-bow, is, comparatively speaking, quite a modern innovation. In the seventeenth century, the French horn encircling the huntsman's body was apparently the vogue both with fox and stag hunters, and before the metal horn had made its first appearance there was an intermediate stage, in which the huntsman carried a bugle of cow's horn, lipped and rimmed with silver, like the badge worn by our rifle and light infantry regiments. Pictures, it has been said, are very dangerous as matters of evidence unless they are painted directly from life, or by an artist who possesses complete technical knowledge of the subject illustrated; but in discussing the evolution of the hunting-horn it is to old pictures and prints one has primarily to refer, since old sporting literature remains completely silent on this score.

For instance, there is an oil-painting by Rowlandson and Eckstein, called "A Hunting Breakfast." This picture contains eleven figures and three hounds; the squire, the parson, and a few friends are partaking of an early breakfast, booted and spurred for the chase; the huntsman has just entered, and is blowing a large and curly French horn. Perhaps more trustworthy evidence may be found in Thomas Hudson's best work, preserved at Blenheim Palace, and representing a family group of Charles, Duke of Marlborough. In this canvas, executed in 1750, there appears the figure of little Lord Robert Spencer, clad in a hunting dress of dark blue and gold, and carrying a French horn slung over his shoulder so that it encloses his body. Again, take the illustrations to be found in the earlier editions of Somerville's celebrated poem, "The Chase." Here the edition bearing date 1800, with illustrations by T. Stothard, R.A., shows us a huntsman with a horn, which is so large and curly that it is passed over his body from his right shoulder and round his left side. In another engraving from Stothard, representing the death of the fox, the huntsman is again depicted as lustily blowing his French horn, while the parson, who has led the field, is mopping his heated face. Finally, in an edition of the poem published in 1802, with wood-blocks by Bewick for head and tail pieces, the French horn, the curved cow's horn, and the bugle horn may be frequently met with, but never once the straight horn. It is interesting to note that in a new edition published last year, with illustrations by Hugh Thomson, the artist has given the horn of to-day to the fox-hunters, but the French horn to the stag-hunters. The latter was most certainly used at one time in this country in stag-hunting.

There is a fine picture by George Stubbs, A.R.A., of the Grosvenor Hunt in 1768, in which the figures are all portraits. The huntsman does not carry a horn, but each of the two whips is encircled by a large French horn, passing over the right shoulder and under the left arm. When Sir William Morgan, of Tredegar, was created a Knight of the Bath by George I. on the revival of the order in 1725, he, being "a great and reckless sportsman, both in the field and on the turf," chose for the supporters of his coat of arms two huntsmen fully accoutred; and these are represented in their full and proper costume on the enamelled plate of his arms in his stall in Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey. They are shown wearing the large curved horns as a belt round their bodies over one shoulder. To give the other side of the question a chance, it is only fair to own that George Morland, who is absolutely trustworthy, since he was not only a sporting painter, but a sportsman, a breeder of hounds, and a personal friend of Colonel Thornton, the great sportsman of his age, whenever he represented a huntsman carrying a horn, depicted a straight metal one, exactly like those now in use. His best hunting pictures were engraved about 1790.

However, there are some later-dated pictorial examples of the curved horn. In a set of six mezzotints by T. Burford, from designs by J. Seymour, published May 12th, 1794, by Laurie and Whittle, 53, Fleet Street, No. 2, "Going to Cover," depicts two huntsmen with French horns. No. 3, "The Chase," and No. 5, "Making a Cast at a Fault," each contain one figure with a curly horn. Lastly, No. 6, "The Death of the Fox," shows the huntsman dismounted, with his right hand holding up the dead fox to the pack, and with his left holding the same shaped horn, which he is blowing lustily. Another and even more striking instance is that of a coloured engraving called "The Huntsman," published in 1827 by that well-known sporting publisher, R. Ackermann. The huntsman, mounted on a grey horse, is turning in the saddle in the act of winding a large curly horn, passed under his right arm and over his right shoulder. The horn is painted a bright yellow. No hound is visible, so it cannot be said whether it represents a scene at a stag-hunt or a fox-hunt, but unless the French horn was used up to within a few years of 1827, it would hardly be thought that a firm of publishers with such a sporting reputation would have compromised the same by issuing an engraving with incorrect details. From the evidence deduced so far, therefore, it is only fair to own that the balance must rest with the assumption that the French horn was commonly used in the hunting-field. But what a very inconvenient instrument must the same have been in a woodland country, where the huntsman passes most of his day in coverts, crashing and boring through wood and thicket.

Unfortunately, so little is known of early fox-hunting, while practically no relics of the sport in its rough and ready stages still exist, that the question is one which will always remain more or less shrouded in doubt. It is believed that there is only one specimen of a hunting-horn of the eighteenth century still to be found, namely, that which belonged to Mr. Boothby, who was hunting what is now the Quorn country in 1698. A wood engraving of this instrument was given in a book entitled "Hunting Songs and Sports," by Mrs. Chaworth Musters (1835), and it was stated that it was then in the possession of Mr. Corbet, of Adderley. This old horn, which was partly of horn, partly of silver,

is quite straight, but is considerably longer than its modern prototype. It bears the following inscription:—"Thos. Boothby, Esq., of Tooley Park, Leicestershire. With this horn he hunted the first pack of foxhounds then in England fifty-five years. Born 1677; died 1752. Now the property of Thos. D'Avenant, Esq., county of Salop, his grandson." There is, however, a tradition to the effect that it was Mr. Boothby himself who altered the pattern of the hunting-horn, which until that time was of the curly shape, slung around the body. It is very probable that the French horn was introduced into this country by the Hanoverian dynasty, who always faithfully imitated in every detail the picturesque ceremonies in vogue at the Court of *le grand monarque*, where the *chasseurs* and *piqueurs* used to perform a regular concert on the slightest provocation. And one has only to turn to Thackeray's "Four Georges" to see how slavish was the imitation practised by the petty European Courts in regard to the Versailles model.

In Charleton's "Newcastle Town" it is mentioned as being the custom ('*emp*' 1751) for the gentlemen of the Newcastle Hunt, on the first day of the season, to meet at a certain popular hostelry "with great parade, and with French horns, and much music and smacking of whips." And in all likelihood this would continue until the end of the last, or into the early part of the present, century. To conclude with two quite recent examples. In 1856, John Leech drew for the *Illustrated London News* a couple of capital sketches, respectively entitled, "Fox-hunting Men in the Days of Squire Western," and "Fox-hunting Men in the Present Degenerate Times." The first alone concerns us here. The figures are all carousing in the usual wainscoted hall, decorated with trophies of the chase, and among the latter will be seen a curved cow's horn. Now no one was better qualified to depict hunting scenes than John Leech, and it may be safely assumed that he would strive to be correct in all his particulars. Lastly, a picture of a very similar character by Randolph Caldecott must be mentioned. Here the customary trophy of a mask and brush is flanked, on the one side by the short straight horn and hunting crops, on the other by the French horn and cutting whips. In the many poetic references to the hunting-horn its shape has to be guessed; but the poet John Gay is an exception to the rule, for in his poem "Rural Sports" he very clearly mentions the curly French horn:—

"But, stay, adventurous Muse! hast thou the force

To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?"

This poem was published in the year 1713. From Somerville's famous poem it would seem that more than one horn was sounded in "the chase," for he speaks of "the clanging horns," "shrill horns," "each sounding horn," etc. In short, until comparatively modern times, horns of all shapes—straight, curved, and curly—would seem to have been used, and primarily the absurd French horn.

H. G. ARCHER.

ON THE GREEN.

ACCOUNTS of the great event of the week on the St. Andrews links will not be to hand by the time of our going to press, but there has been plenty of interesting golf to record elsewhere. Mr. de Zoete and Mr. H. de Zoete—the latter being, perhaps, better known to fame as the Cambridge University bowler than as a golfer—won a very good match from Lord Ernest Hamilton and Ben Sayers, at North Berwick. Everything looked, indeed, as if they should have won two victories from them, for they stood dormy four on the second round; but some one or other, or, indeed, several of those unforeseen events that do occur at golf, must have happened, for of those four holes they lost every one, and the match was ingloriously halved. *A propos* of North Berwick, an old player of that ilk, Mr. Stuart Anderson, has suffered rather hard lines in Ireland lately. He was in the final heat for the Irish Championship with the redoubtable Mr. Hilton, against whom he made a plucky fight, though a losing one all the way; and later again he has been in the final for the South of Ireland Championship, only, yet again, to be beaten—and this time in rather severe and rather unexpected fashion—by a young Mr. Ballingal, a lad of only seventeen years, who is just leaving Glensalmond School. It was a great victory for the boy, but a little severe on Mr. Anderson after his similar experience in the wider event.

At North Berwick, Miss Blanche Anderson has been successful enough in competitions on the ladies' course to make up for her brother's hard fortune in Ireland. The score of 58, with which she won the latest scratch prize there, is a record of really fine golf, and her first round of 27 is within a stroke of the record score, of the same lady's making, for the green. Miss Ethel MacCulloch was second, at a total of three strokes higher. Another lady who has been distinguishing herself is Mrs. Wilson Hoare, at the meeting of the Ladies' Club, at Westward Ho! Playing from scratch, she won almost every prize for which she entered, though her win with six down to the Bogey score, looks as if Bogey, on that green, were an unfairly good player. It is rumoured that neither Miss Edith Orr, the championess, nor her elder sister, who was in the final tie with her this year for the championship, intend to compete in the championship tournament next year, which will be held on the Great Yarmouth Club's course; and in that case, either Mrs. Wilson Hoare or Miss Anderson, if they enter the lists, should have a fine chance of the victory, though there are many others who are well able to give a good account of themselves.

In the United States, Miss Beatrix Hoyt seems to be as invincible among the ladies as Lady Margaret Scott proved herself to be in the first three years of the Ladies' Championship over here. In America, by the way, they style it the Women's instead of the Ladies' Championship, and we are not sure that the plainer title is not the more honourable and better.

Mr. Hilton put yet another win to his credit at the late autumn meeting of the Forbury Golf Club, with a scratch score of 82; and it would be rather interesting if we could be given a return of the wonderful series of victories that he has scored this year. But with the heavy penalty of ten strokes he was nowhere on the nett score list, in which Mr. W. Potter and Mr. J. L. Ainsworth were bracketed first, the former playing from scratch, and the latter receiving five strokes, at 85. The final of the optional subscription prize was played off by the six previous winners, but, even so, was not brought to a decision, Mr. W. B. Stoddart and Mr. A. G. T. Cox tying at nett 93. A scratch medal for sons of members was won, at the same score of 93, by Mr. C. A. Rathbone, and for the handicap prize, Mr. C. A. Rathbone, with his scratch score, tied with Mr. C. E. Rathbone, whose allowance was 13, so that the prizes, of which one was given by Mr. A. B. Rathbone, were kept well in the family.

There is some talk of extending the fine course of Gullane, where scores under 80 are at present almost as much the rule as the exception, Mr. Gillespie, at a recent meeting of that club, returning a really first-class 76, gross, at which, however, he only tied for first nett score with Mr. A. Brown, who was allowed six strokes, and who defeated him on playing off.

The "Paradise" at Leonardslee.



Photo. by Reid,

LEONARDSLEE.

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A VERY striking and successful effort at acclimatising foreign animals in this country has recently been carried out by Sir E. G. Loder in his park at Leonardslee, near Horsham. The park is on the border of the Weald of Sussex,

near St. Leonards Forest, and contains some 700 acres of broken and wooded ground. In this "paradise," to borrow the old Persian word for such institutions, the new animals which have made their home in this old country wander at large. Through it the writer was lately guided by Sir Edmund Loder, and an account of this perambulation will possibly present a clearer notion of the success of his efforts than any attempt to classify the results. But there are two conclusions which should be stated here. One is that this is a very select paradise. None but interesting and beautiful creatures have been introduced. Secondly, it is not an experiment, but quite past the experimental stage. The acclimatisation of these creatures is as much an accomplished fact as the acclimatisation of the fallow deer or the red-legged partridge. As a "rider" to the last observation it should be added that they all produce young regularly, that a great part of the present stock have been born in the park, and that, with a few exceptions, they all run quite wild and free.

Among these exceptions are the beavers, which would destroy too much timber, and escape outside the park; some Algeian moufflons or wild



Photo. by Reid,

DINNER A LA RUSSE.

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sheep, which have an enclosed maze of rocks to live in; emus, and Patagonian hares. There is also an enclosed prairie dog town in the garden, opposite the library windows, because they are amusing to watch near at hand. But there are other prairie dogs burrowing out in the open.

The park is cut by a deep valley, in which lies a chain of pools connected by a stream. The larger pools are ancient "hammer ponds," so called from the old iron industry of Sussex. The pools of the smaller and upper chain are artificial, but very pretty and charming to look on. They are joined by little shining waterfalls and overflows. Above the upper pools, on the side next the house, the whole hillside is planted with thousands of azaleas and other flowering shrubs, while between them, on the bright spring day of our visit, were every kind of early narcissus, daffodil, polyanthus, and hardy spring flowers blooming in the grass.

Further down the stream the steep valley-side is covered with trees, ferns, and furze bushes, and the flat top, some 120ft. above the river, is good park herbage. On this, almost the first animals seen were five "old man" kangaroos. These were very tame, and came hopping up to the keeper, who was putting down feed for the prairie dogs, and actually sat up

Apart from the interest of seeing these Indian antelopes running wild under English oaks, the visitor gains a notion of their real appearance, which he cannot obtain in a zoological garden. He sees the gait and natural movements characteristic of the different species. The antelope, for instance, when frightened, proceeds in a series of extraordinary leaps, not long leaps, but high bounds, as if shot up like a Jack-in-the-box. The useful purpose of this movement is not obvious. A long leap like that of the kangaroo, which carries him many feet and also enables him to clear fallen timber, is of great service. But this high bound is rather like a series of efforts at jumping over nothing. It was suggested that it was some form of survival from a time when antelopes lived in high grass instead of on plains—an ingenious idea, even if difficult to maintain by reference to ancient conditions.

Nothing could be in greater contrast to the movements of these acrobatic antelopes than the quiet creeping gait of the little reddish-brown Chinese deer, a few of which were stealthily moving along the rabbit runs in the rougher parts of the valley near the water. The smaller kangaroos and wallabies gave a further contrast, both of colour and form. In confinement all these creatures look awkward and slightly comic. On this hill-



Photo. by Reid,

THE PARTY BREAKING UP.

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by him and took food from his hand. The keeper went on to busy himself with preparing some other food, and was apparently seen by various herds of animals feeding at no great distance. A herd of most beautiful Indian antelopes came trotting up, the number of whom would probably be estimated at not less than twenty. Many of these had been born at Leonardslee, and all had spent the winter there. In spite of this, they were in excellent condition, without a sick one among them. As an instance both of their good health and of the power of recovery which wounded animals have, Sir Edmund Loder told the following anecdote.

A doe antelope broke its hind leg, high up, and the fracture was a compound one, that is, the bone came through the skin. This is the kind of fracture which Lord Lister, speaking of the days before antiseptic treatment, said was so dangerous to human life, owing to the risk of blood poisoning, that it would in most cases be really safer to amputate the limb. The injured antelope would have been shot had not its owner observed that it was grazing with a good appetite. It was decided to leave its recovery to Nature, and the antelope, though the limb was still broken, seemed very little the worse. Before the bones were joined in any visible way, it was observed to swing the damaged leg forward to scratch its ear. In time the bone set itself somehow, and the piece which had come through the skin was reduced, though the scar remained. This year the antelope had a kid, and suckled it.

side, started like hares or rabbits from their forms in the fern, they were very graceful, and as well suited to their surroundings as the deer. They bounded away at a great pace when disturbed, many of them with young ones in their pouches.

On the side of the park where we then stood, the greater number were of the species known as Bennet's wallaby. On the opposite side, basking in the sun, were several groups of red-backed wallabies, some fast asleep, and all in elegant attitudes. Australian naturalists have long claimed that when a "mob" of kangaroos are in repose they are even prettier than a group of resting deer. As we watched them through the glass we quite agreed that this description was not over-coloured. Besides the antelope, there were several very pretty Persian gazelles, light coloured and slender, with dark eyes. Some of these were in a small troop alone, others had joined the antelope herd, and one gazelle, being without a looking-glass, was under the impression that it was a Japanese deer, and always kept with them. The herd of Japanese deer consists of nearly fifty hinds and stags. As at Powerscourt and Muckross Abbey, they are thoroughly acclimatised, and breed freely. Nothing could well have been finer than the rush of these fifty well set up, dark "cobby" deer, as they dashed past up the hillside and disappeared among the trees.

We stalked these deer more than once to admire their number and condition. On one of our stalks we were interrupted by disturbing a large flock of American wild turkeys,

which ran before us through the cover. The gobblers, all bronze and lustrous, looked very fine, and the whole flock was strong and healthy. These birds, when running wild, differ considerably in appearance from the black domestic turkey. This was a Mexican variety, and though the hen birds retain their wild form, there is a considerable change from elegance to obesity in the domestic gobbler. Last year it was proposed to treat the wild turkeys as game, and shoot them. But they all flew up into the trees when driven, and refused to give sporting shots.

At this point the scene was singularly interesting. Below us lay the shining pools in the valley, one of them formed by the beavers, whose dam across the stream, and the pool formed above it by the animals' labour, were plainly visible. The beavers' co-patriots, the wild turkeys, were running before us. On the right was the herd of deer from Japan; further along the ridge stood a most beautiful group of moufflons, the wild sheep of the mountains of Corsica and Sardinia. The group looked very fine, with curling horns, and big white saddle-like marks on their backs. They were wild enough, for they galloped round a kind of high shelter of faggots and disappeared among the trees, the rams leading and the young ones going full speed by the side of their mothers.

A few animals are kept in enclosures on a warm slope opposite the house. Patagonian hares and emus were the only inmates visible. The latter are noticed to lay one most beautiful egg, of a pale green colour, like that of Corinthian bronze, in the early sitting of eggs, this pale one being usually the first egg laid in the season. One is set on the top of an elephant's skull in the museum at Leonardslee, where it has a very good effect.

None of these creatures at Leonardslee have been in the park more than eight years. But in that short time animals, beautiful, interesting, and in many cases as good for food as any other game, have been introduced, have lived through our changes of season, and have perpetuated their kind. They come from the most distant and divergent regions, China and Japan contributing deer, India antelopes, Persia gazelles, North America the beaver, the turkey, and the prairie dog, Australia kangaroos, and Corsica the moufflon.



Photo. by Reid,

THE EMU PADDOCK.

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Judgment in selection, and cleverness in management during the early days of introduction to the park, must account for a great part of the owner's success. It is rather interesting to compare the animals acclimatised at Leonardslee with plants reared there and elsewhere in this country. In the "wild garden" here, for example, one sees plenty of flowers and shrubs from Japan, from China, and from North America, and in the "rock garden"—which is one of the best in England—are plants common in the regions where the mountain-haunting moufflon abides. North American plants are also numerous, and though we have few from Australia, it is well known that on that continent kangaroos will live in great varieties of climate. But plants from the Indian plains do not appear in British gardens, and it was a stroke of genius in the owner of Leonardslee to divine that the Indian antelope would flourish here. It not only did flourish, but it was at Leonardslee that the discovery was first made that these antelopes have two fawns in twelve months.

Our illustrations will give an idea of the scenery at Leonardslee, and of the freedom with which the animals mix with one another and approach their keepers. Dinner is served at separate tables, and the creatures of the same kind usually feed from the same trough; but there is no limit to the number of different species which will assemble to feed simultaneously. In this scene, for example, an American

turkey is picking up maize from a trough on the right. A single Indian antelope and a single "old man" kangaroo have each a separate trough, but, in the centre, three more kangaroos are assembled at one "table." That on the right has a young one peeping from her pouch. In the background are Axis deer, a Persian gazelle, and an American turkey, all feeding together, and on the left some Indian antelopes.

The old adage, Two ARE COMPANY, and three are none, seems to be in the keeper's mind as he turns his head away from the pretty pair—a female Indian antelope and an Axis hind—which are feeding by his feet.

Our third illustration shows THE PARTY BREAKING UP after their dinner, and the fourth THE EMU PADDOCK. Leonardslee House stands high, with the "paradise" lying in front of it, and also on the opposite side of the valley. The pools and stream are on the right, hidden by the trees, and the beaver lake lies just below the house.

C. J. CORNISH.



Photo. by Reid,

TWO ARE COMPANY.

Copyright—"C.L."

WOOD PIGEONS.

THERE is a pleasure, quite beyond need of demonstration, in the shooting of the driven partridge as he tops the fence, or of the pheasant rocketing over the trees, and even of the rabbit scuttling across the ride. These are the highest ideals of shooting. Again, there is a satisfaction in the destruction of such *fera natura*, classed by the sportsman under the head of "vermin," as are our rivals in the destruction of these creatures of fur and feather, the sportsman's most legitimate quarry. Of such vermin are the stoat and the weasel, the hoodie crow, and the jay; but there flies also a bird whose shooting "surprises in himself," as Count Smalltork has it, some of the qualities of both these satisfactions, that is, the wood pigeon, or "cushie doo."

In the first place, he is edible, which the "verminous perscas" above mentioned can scarcely claim among their merits; in the second place, he is wickedly destructive, so that if we are not by his death ridding us of one of our own imme-

of white eggs that gleam through the interstices of his loose lattice nestwork. Where pigeons are peculiarly pernicious it is, perhaps, permissible to take these eggs. When fresh they have a flavour not greatly inferior to plovers'. When the young are hatched and about to leave the nest it is a plan, dear to ingenious youth, to tie the young squabs in by the leg. The parents will then continue feeding them until they are of such size as to make a respectable, and gastronomically delicious, appearance in a pie. By August all this domestic business may be said to be well over, and then the pigeon must abandon all those privileges which its sanctity gave him, and becomes the fair game of every licensed gunner.

The pleasantest of all ways of shooting him is, perhaps, the waiting for him IN THE WOOD as he drops in to roost. It is possible, and, perhaps, in his particular case it is permissible, to wait until he settles, and take him a sitting shot, but this is always on the very extensive supposition that he is sure to settle



Photo by H. W. Taunt,

IN THE WOOD.

Copyright.

diate game-eating foes, we are performing the nobler, more altruistic service of benefiting the agriculturist, of whose corn he is a sad devourer, and indirectly are helping in a cause of universal interest—that of cheapening bread, the staff of life; and, in the third place, the wood pigeon is a worthy quarry, swift flying, strong in his panoply of stout feathers, so that it needs a quick shot and one that will place him well in the middle of the charge to bring him to the bag. Also, he is extremely wary, so that it needs considerable skill and some study to bring him within gunshot at all. He is not in the game list, so we may shoot where we can meet with him, both before the shooting season proper has commenced, and also, for a while, after it is over.

During the breeding season it is an outrage to the sportsman of right instincts to contemplate the destruction even of him, stout robber though he be. At such season he seems, with innate cunning, to be aware of his virtual immunity, in such simple fashion does he "give himself away," nesting in the lowest and most accessible trees, issuing therefrom with a great clatter of wings that inevitably betrays his carelessly-arranged domestic hearth, and drawing every boy's attention to the pair

on a tree within your range. It is no use to think of creeping nearer to him. Almost inevitably his quick eye or ear will catch your movement. The more glorious way is to snap at him as he swoops over an opening in the trees, and such a shot as he then affords tries the skill of the best gunner. Sometimes it is possible to stalk him in the broad daylight, in a tree that he has settled in, but he has a pernicious way of emerging from that tree on the very opposite side of it from that which you are approaching, keeping between himself and you an impenetrable screen of foliage.

In the shops they sell pigeon-calls—whistles whose voice is a fair imitation of the pigeon's "coo." But a better way is to attract him by a presentment of his own species—even a counterfeit presentment will suffice, for he is a very gregarious person. And since it is no holiday to a reasonable and middle-aged person to climb the tree and perch the decoy pigeon, whether a thing of dead flesh, a stuffed skin, or a block of painted wood, on the topmost branches where it will be conspicuous, it is a good plan to have decoys mounted on long sticks, jointed, if you like, fishing rod fashion, and so to thrust up the decoy through the foliage until it is visible from afar. And

in the manner of placing these decoys peculiar care is to be observed.

If you watch pigeons on a tree or feeding on the ground, you will perceive that ninety-nine per cent. of them have their heads turned towards the wind. Pigeons are not peculiar in this regard—it is common to every bird, and for the very apparent reason that it is the only attitude in which they can take flight with any ease. The wind blowing in their faces helps them to mount. And since it is your purpose, with your counterfeit presentments, to set up an image of the real live pigeon, you will imitate this relation to the wind in the attitude of your decoys, and put them, too, head to wind. In any other attitude they will not strike the pigeon soaring overhead as reasonable fellow-pigeons or desirable acquaintances. Rather he will be inclined to view them with suspicion, as beings with a twist in the intellect that had better be avoided.

At certain seasons certain foods have a special attraction for the pigeons. There is a season at which they will resort in flocks to the beech groves, to feed on the beech-mast which has fallen to the ground. In winter, when other food is scarce, they will congregate in the turnip-fields, and munch the leaves with tolerable satisfaction. It is curious to see how they affect not only certain fields, but certain parts of the same field, as if in these particular places the turnip leaves had greater succulence than elsewhere. And often they seem to be attracted by the berries of a special holly tree, so that by observing where they have been feeding once you are likely to be able to catch them in the same place at another time. But in every one of these resorts they will come down with much less suspicion if you can plant out, for their encouragement, a few decoys, even if they be no more than some pigeons previously killed propped up on twigs. But in every case alike, you must see that you plant them properly, head to wind, or your intended decoy will turn out little better than a scarecrow. When snow is on the ground you will have much better success in stalking them if you put on a white night-gown over your clothes than if you try to approach them in the ordinary shooting coat.

All these devices are designed for the destruction of the pigeon when he is the special quarry. When shooting nobler game—partridges and pheasants—there is no time to think much of him; and in partridge shooting you will rarely come upon him within gun-shot. But in pheasant shooting, while the beaters are still at the far end of the covert, so that a lolling hare or a creeping rabbit are likely to be all that will demand your immediate attention, then you may keep one eye open on the space above the trees, and occasionally your watchfulness will be rewarded by a sporting shot at a pigeon racing overhead, generally at such elevation that you would not fire at any of the more recognised things of venery, and sometimes may surprise yourself by the unexpected success of your shot. It is to be feared that we all fire long shots at the pigeon. It is less that we regard him as fair game at all ranges than that we are less used to him than to the regular game birds, so that we do not gauge his distance so accurately. A better acquaintance with him is the true means for correcting this error. After all, though we regard him as an Ishmaelite, the pigeon is of flesh and blood, even as a pheasant. It is a consolation to think that the stoutness of his feathers may shield him from the worst consequences of our thoughtless cruelties.

Ishmaelites have always had a knack of doing fairly well in the world, though, no doubt, they fall now and again on hard times. The pigeon is an enemy, a terrible enemy, to the farmer. The stories that have been told, and vouched for, about the contents of the crops of wood pigeons surpass ordinary powers of credence. We have said that the pigeon is not, except indirectly, the enemy of the game preserver, but there is a point at which its manners touch him closely, and in a tender place—it is a voracious devourer of the food put out for pheasants. Occasionally this habit, too, makes for its destruction. From a hut in

the woods, hard by where the pheasants' food is laid, the keeper will often, thrusting a cautious barrel through the interstices of the hut's side, draw a bead on a little group of the pigeons that are filling those voracious crops with the pheasants' dinner. Then, by a lucky shot, he may often kill half-a-dozen or more at once, for where the food is in a small area they will feed closely packed together. But, of course, it is necessary to see that no pheasant is sacrificed in the destruction of the raiders.

Pigeons, as a rule, have several favourite clumps of trees for roosting in. One or other of these they will use for a while and then abandon, apparently out of pure caprice, with no change of weather, or wind, or circumstances to account for it. A nice observation should be made of the particular clump affected by them at the time when you think of going out to wait for them. Naturally, after you have sat in wait in a particular clump for several nights the pigeons will begin to leave it for another, but the reason of this change in their plans is not very mysterious. After half-a-dozen shots in one clump, or covert, they are apt to go off, for that night, at all events, to one of their other roosting-places, and for this reason it is well, if you can, to have a gun in each of them, so that the pigeons may be kept moving in a kind of battledore and shuttlecock way from one to the other.

Nothing is much more irritating than to see the pigeons settling in, comfortably and undisturbed, for their night's rest in



Photo. by H. W. Taunt,

A FAVOURITE ROOSTING-PLACE.

Copyright.

one covert, while you are waiting for them, cold and shivering, in another. Yet even this, for a lover of Nature, has its compensation; for, apart from the actual shooting of the pigeons, there is a peculiar charm in waiting thus, motionless, while the sun dies out of the sky and the twilight-loving creatures begin to move about; at length the evening star peeps out, and it is time to be up and off, for all the pigeons have settled in, somewhere or other, for that night. The moths begin to come out, and the bats; a belated robin hops about, so interested in you that he cannot persuade himself to go to bed. From far off come the voices of children at the farm, and sounds of calling the cattle or leading the horses home. There is a wonderful peace about this dying hour of the day. The rabbits come up and stare at you, as if in a happy confidence that you could not violate the sanctity of the hour by letting off a great noisy gun; and even when you show them their mistake you feel half ashamed of yourself, as if the rabbits were right. Then a pigeon scuds swiftly and silently overhead; you snap at him, and down he goes, thanks to a lucky shot, crashing through the trees at some distance from you. You are doubtful whether you ought to go and pick him up at once, for you have heard pads pattering over the leaves in a way that suggested that a fox was prowling about for his supper, and if he chances on that pigeon, then he will sup off that, and you will not, finding only a few tattered fragments and loose feathers instead. The fox will eat his pigeon *au naturel*; but for you, you have various ways of treating him. He is best, when young, in a pie. Then he eats with more

flavour than the domestic pigeon pie. But he, no more than the gunner, is always young, worse luck to it; and when he is old the best plan is to stew him well, and he will be a tough morsel even then.

It is said that, if he be cooked with a red herring inside him, he tastes exactly like woodcock. *Experto crede.* The present writer does not claim to be the expert in this instance. It is hard to realise the equation in "wood pigeon + red herring = woodcock." But if the red herring makes the wood pigeon taste like a woodcock, what does the wood pigeon make the red herring taste like? One has a suspicion that the whole story is an instance of culinary false analogy supposing some gastronomic affinity between wood pigeon and woodcock. There is one season at which the pigeon has a specially bitter flavour, and that is when he has been feeding on the ivy berries. At this time of

year the fox might have him for his supper, and welcome. We prefer him after he has been battenning on the beech-mast or the farmer's corn.

It is a marvel to see these birds that we find so wary as to defeat, again and again, our most artful devices, imitating, in our London parks, the very impudence of the cockney sparrow himself. They are delightful visitors to our smoky London, and "coo" as melodiously among the rattle of the cabs as in their sylvan homes. The only thing that seems to scare them is a Coronation Day or a Queen's Birthday, when the big guns are fired on the Horse Guards' parade ground. Then they go soaring up into the heavens, wondering whether this little paradise of peace that they have found in St. James's Park is all going to be broken up, and they must needs return to the hard ways of the Ishmaelite.



Photo. by G. W. Wilson,

CHADBURY MILL, LYESHAM.

Aberdeen.

CYCLING NOTES.

ONE is often asked, rather as if it were a kind of conundrum, "What is the best sort of cycle?" It is almost invariably a tyro who puts this posing riddle. None but a tyro would fail to realise that it does not admit of any answer as definite as the form of the question would seem to suppose. There is, of course, the Elswick: this seems to have some claim to a place in the answer, if only because it is the most expensive. And no doubt it is as good as can be got; the only question is whether it is better than several others. Of course there is the advantage of having a cycle of which you can say that it is the most expensive kind in the market. There is a satisfaction in this, just as a man finds a certain satisfaction in shooting with a Purdey gun, though another man may be killing quite as well with a Holland. But other people will prefer to be the difference of price in pocket, with an equally good article in their hands. The cross-bar of the Elswick is a feature that should give added strength, but the strength is added at a point at which no self-respecting bicycle is really weak. Nor, so far as the writer can discover, does it give any greater rigidity than a good bicycle, without this cross-bar arrangement, possesses. Then there is the Osmond, and if there is any machine in the market better than the Osmond it must needs be a better than any the writer has seen, for anything more thoroughbred-looking and more perfect in the finish of all their parts—more workmanlike, withal—than either the Elswick or the Osmond it is not possible to conceive. Both are most comfortable mounts. Then there are the Premiers. The objection that is generally made to the Premiers, when anyone has an objection to bring against them, is that they are inclined to be rather weighty. It has always been the writer's opinion that for road riders this matter of a few more or less pounds of weight in the machine is not a very considerable affair, seeing the weight of humanity that the rider is going to place upon it. Granted, however, that the Premiers are apt to be a little heavier than some, it cannot be said that the weight is ever wasted. The helical (twisted steel) tubes of which their frames are made are of unusual strength, and all the parts are so strongly built that these machines will stand evil usage better, in the opinion of the writer, than any others. And therefore this gives us some sort of line as to the answer we may make to our enquiring tyro—for him, being a tyro, and therefore very certain to subject his machine to evil usage, it cannot be amiss to buy a Premier. His friends may criticise it and tell him it is needlessly heavy, but he may continue riding it after a series of severe falls that might have fatally damaged the more tenderly-balanced constitution of another machine. Very good and commendable machines are also the Singers and the Rudge-Whitworths. The latter firm appear to make a special success of their ladies' bicycles, and the writer is acquainted with one, in particular, that has given immense satisfaction. Good, too, are the cycles of the I.E.A. and the Saltley brands, though it is impossible not to think that the former



Photo. Thomas,

MISS GRENFELL

Cheapside.

are rather handicapped by being launched on the world with a name that one cannot even attempt to pronounce. The name, however, is the only thing about them that is not of the very best.

The new Northfleet bicycle is coming on the world heralded by a good deal of blowing of trumpets. Its merits have still to be tried. Certainly it is ambitious. Its mechanism has a deal that is new in it, a deal, too, that is complicated, but that is not to say that complications will necessarily arise to vex the cyclist. Though complicated, all may work smoothly enough; but what a deal it undertakes. First, there is no pedalling, in the common sense of the term; more accurately speaking, you have only to pedal directly up and down. There is no need to trouble about the circular movement of the feet, of which we hear so much when learning pedalling. Therefore, it follows of necessity, the Northfleet is likely to be a boon to those who are unskilful at pedalling in the ordinary style. Moreover, the gearing can be altered at will. This, however, is not entirely a novelty, nor have the former two-speed gears that we have tried proved a complete success, even though there has been no reason to quarrel with the mechanism. But the human mechanism, the muscles, have resented the change of action, and would not accommodate themselves with any comfort to the alteration. This, rather than the additional weight, has been the reason that two-speed gears have not held the market. Still, with direct up and down pedalling this conservatism of the muscles may not be so distinctly felt. What should be a distinct gain in the Northfleet is that the feet may be kept on the pedals while "coasting." Hitherto many ladies have denied themselves the delights of "coasting," partly on account of its danger, with skirts flying for the pedals to catch in, but much more on account of its inelegance, with the legs stuck out straight in front of the rider. Now, however, both danger and inelegance may be considered things of the past for the rider of the Northfleet; with feet resting quietly on the pedals, she may enjoy the delightful sensation of flying downhill without an effort. There are those who disclaim this "coasting" altogether, arguing that it is no real rest to the rider, and that it is apt to dislocate the machinery of the bicycle. But apart from its value as a means of resting the pedalling muscles, there can be no question about the joy of the sensation, and provided the chain be properly looked to, with care to see that it is neither too tight nor too loose, the fear of injury to the mechanism need not be seriously entertained. If the chain be allowed to go too loose there is danger of injury not only to the machine, but of a spill, which may have very

serious results for the rider, for there is a possibility that the chain may "jump the cogs," as it is called, and what may happen then it is not easy to forecast, but it is very certain to be something unpleasant.

With the Northfleet, however, there is no risk of accident from this source, and with the ordinary, common-sense precaution of not "coasting" unless you can see to the bottom of your hill, or unless you know what is coming round a turn which is invisible, there need be no fear of coming to grief. Any side road, however, or any gate from a field even is a possible source of danger, for one never knows what cart or cow or flock of sheep may issue from it. Still, at worst, there is always the brake to help one through an emergency, and without a brake, no one, perhaps, should ride—no one, certainly, should "coast."

There are so many points about cycles and cycling that seem to be open to perpetual dispute, that it is quite a pleasant experience to hit on one about which there ought to be no dispute; and this is about the value or valuelessness of toe-clips. And yet there is some dispute about it. For all that, no one, so far as we have heard, has ever advanced a serious argument against them, and the arguments in their favour are strong. Surely, it is a common experience with all of us to find our feet now and then slipping from the pedal. This may not happen when we have on our regular cycling shoes—indiarubber soled, by preference. But we cannot always be in our perfect cycling kit. Sometimes we are cycling to fishing—to shooting, if we are males—to golfing—to some or other of those pastimes that require solid, nailed boots, and with these unwieldy pieces of footgear an occasional slip must occur to the most practised rider. There is no danger in such a slip, but it gives an unpleasant sensation for the moment. Downhill, too, if we do not wish to "coast," we may ride much faster with clips than without, with no risk of the feet leaving the flying pedals. And even uphill they are an assistance. On every conceivable gradient or no gradient, in fine, they are of use, and yet their use is not very general. There seems to be a most unreasonable prejudice against them. There is a disposition to regard them as a source of danger, though their real effect is of quite the contrary tendency. One is almost inclined to ascribe people's feeling against them to some dimly misconceived analogy with a stirrup, as if there was some danger of their catching and dragging one. The notion is perfectly absurd, but really there seems no other way of accounting for the prejudice.

DUCK SHOOTING.

OUR illustration represents the early days of a sport which will soon be with us in full strength. It is early morning or late evening, and our sportsman is WAITING FOR THE FLIGHT in his punt thrust in amongst the reeds which border the mere; but it is summer or autumn, for the hedge in the distance is in full leafage, and the gunner wears a straw hat. Far differently would he be attired if he were intent on the serious business of wild-fowl shooting at the season of the year when the chances are best. He might not wear the thick suit of duffle-grey flannel enjoined by the veteran Colonel Hawker, but he would certainly be well wrapped up; for it is on the frosty winter mornings, and when the gale rushes in from the stormy sea, that duck shooting is at its best on the East Coast and among the Essex marshes, in such places as Poole Harbour, at the mouth of many a river in South Wales, in the Anglesey marshes; and in some of the Loughs of Ireland. Amongst the best of these may be reckoned the wide expanse of Strangford Lough, dominated by Scrabs, the monument erected to the memory of the great Lord Londonderry. There flourishes an oleaginous weed called, and for all I know spelled, "slitch," and from it the widgeon, flourishing amazingly, absorb a delicious flavour. But there is good duck shooting to be obtained, by those who know whither to go, in early autumn. The close season ends on the 1st of August, and flapper shooting may then be obtained in perfection. "Flapper" in itself is a mere misnomer; it dates from the days in which men hunted the half-fledged birds with dogs. Nothing of that kind happens now. By the 1st of August the nurslings of the mallard and his spouse are fully fledged and strong on the wing; the only difference between them and the old birds is that they lie a little the better, and there is some chance of getting within shot of them. And I reckon a day with them to be among the most supreme delights of country life. Our plan is this. Overnight we travel to an ancient and unoccupied manor house by the side of the marsh, and we are afoot as soon as daylight comes. Then we tramp the marsh, sometimes knee deep in water, almost always pressing our knees laboriously



Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

WAITING FOR THE FLIGHT.

Copyright.

against the whispering reeds which the breeze presses against us, and often crushing with our feet the luxuriant wild mint, until the air is full of fragrance. So, perhaps, we may bag six or seven brace before the sun has reached his full height. Then comes rest, and luncheon, and more rest; and last, as the early autumnal sunset draws near, we crouch here and there behind the stunted bushes of sally or willow and wait for the ducks coming home from the sea to which we have driven them. It is a pleasant half hour. You can hear strange sounds amid the reeds. You will hear the cock pheasant's cry, for the wild bird loves the damp growth; you will see the heron lumbering by in his quaint half-mourning garb, and his legs trailing behind him; you will watch the first excursion of the hungry owl. Dusk grows, and you secure a few shots, but unless your faithful dog is good above measure, not half of the birds killed are gathered. For it is ill looking for a duck in a wilderness of reeds. At the end of the day you are wonderfully tired; but it is a pleasant weariness, for the skin glows with the day's exposure, and the mind returns to the day's experience with delight, for there is more joy in one mallard dropped into the reeds than in twenty rocketing pheasants killed artistically at a hot corner.

AUCEPS.

COUNTRY HOMES: Groombridge Place.

A SOMEWHAT near neighbour of quaint old Hever Castle, which was lately described in these pages, is Groombridge Place. Both lie within a few miles of Tonbridge, in the most pleasant part of Kent, with Penshurst, famous for its memories, adjacent, and they have this in common, that each preserves the ancient defence of the moat, which has become a dry ditch round many houses of equal fame.

Both are alike in this respect, too, sharing their similarity with many old country houses, that stout and permanent bridges replace the slighter structures of former days, which were drawn up when night fell and the watchman left the wall.

But Groombridge has little else in common with Hever. There is quaintness about its bridge and surroundings. Its red brick walls, bold stone dressings, characteristic windows, and steep tiled roofs seem to remind us a good deal of Holland, as if the builder had drawn his inspiration from Amsterdam or The Hague. There is something exceedingly charming about the fine grouping of the roofs, and the deep shadows thrown by the bays; and the whole conception of the design is quite unusual among English country homes. We may go far without finding such another.

Although the house belongs to the seventeenth century, it preserves some features of ancient times, for it stands upon the site of an older structure, resting upon the earlier foundations, and in its fine rooms there is excellent oaken panelling, some portions of the wainscot having the quaint linen pattern of mediæval days, which was so effective as a covering for blank wall spaces. The beautiful interiors are lighted through tall windows with small panes, and many a quaint feature, such as the great gable that rises immediately above the moat, and some curious ones, like the porch with its pediment, give picturesqueness to the house. Quietude possesses the place, and imagination



Photo. Catford.

THE TERRACE GARDEN.

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tion readily peoples its chambers with the tenants of a former day. The character of Groombridge Place is due in part to the hand of John Evelyn, that devoted lover of rural beauties and garden charms whose example and precept did so much to form the taste of the generation that succeeded. But before Evelyn's time Groombridge had had a famous history, and many memories cling to it. In the time of Edward I. the place belonged to the Cobhams, who alienated it to the Clintons, and from them it passed, in the reign of Henry IV., to Thomas Waller, of Lamberhurst, a rich Kentish esquire. Waller's grandson, Richard, was a renowned soldier, who greatly distinguished himself in the French war of Henry V., by taking prisoner at Agincourt, Charles, Duke of Orleans, general of the French army, the same who, in "The Life of Henry V.," talks so valiantly, with the Dauphin, the Constable, and others, of excellent armour, and of horses meet for Perseus,

longing for the breaking of the day that was to prove so disastrous. The Duke was brought to Groombridge, and held in honourable captivity, and we may well believe that his eyes rested upon the quaint panelling of a yet earlier day, which still lines the library of the later house. Richard Waller was sheriff both of Kent and Sussex, and ancestor of the famous Parliamentary general, Sir William Waller, the veteran who, after being defeated at Bath and Devizes, and again at Cropredy Bridge, took a large part in the formation of the New Model Army, and was successful in its first campaign. A cousin belonging to this famous line was Edmund Waller, the poet, who played an equivocal part in the politics of the time, but whose poems, with their dainty charm, seem pleasantly to remind us of such quaint old places as Groombridge. But Sir William Waller's father sold the estate in Kent to the Earl of Dorset in the reign of James I. Many members of the Waller family were buried in the neighbouring church of Speldhurst, which was burned in 1791.



Photo. Catford.

ACROSS THE MOAT.

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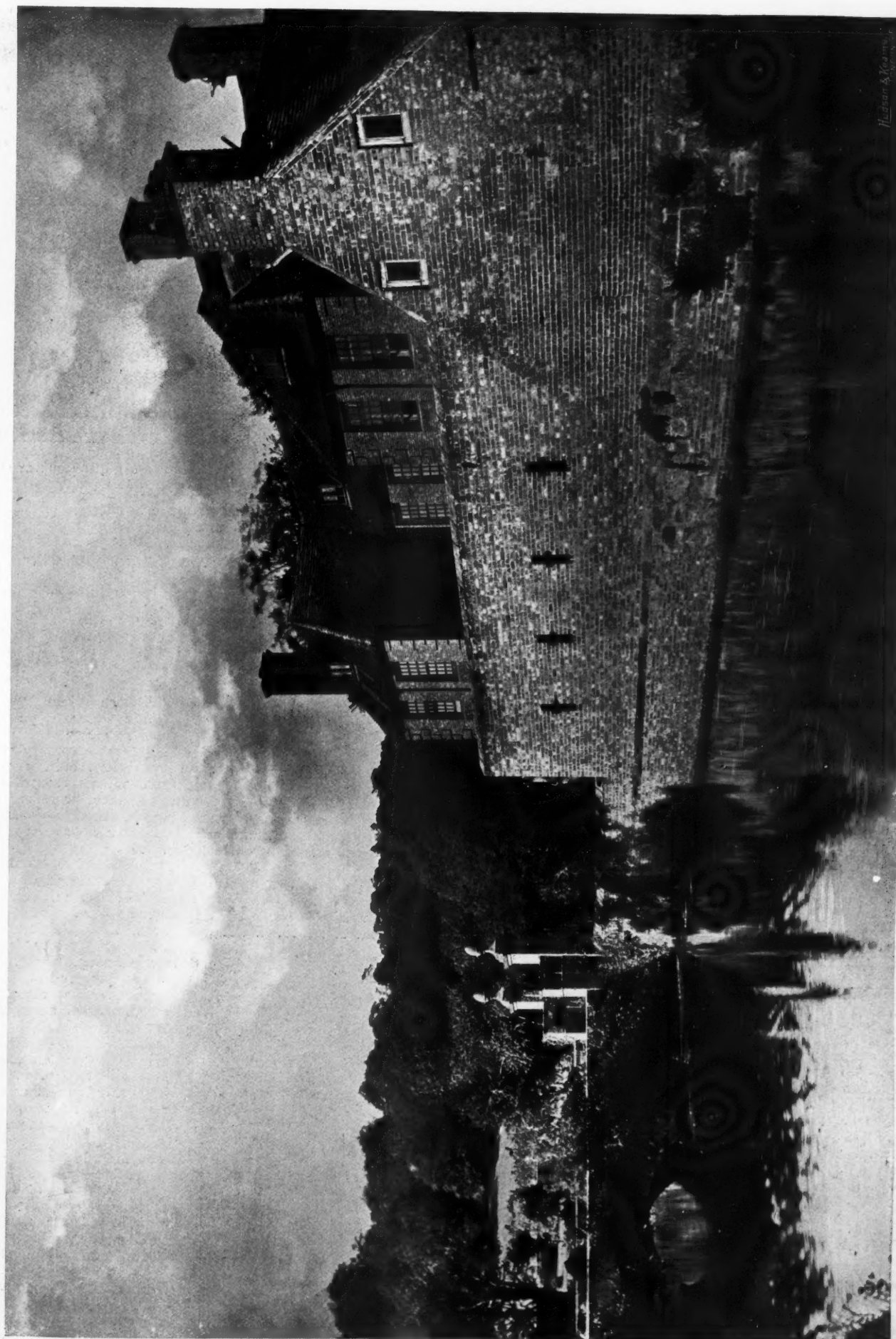


Photo. Catford.

COUNTRY HOMES GROOMBRIDGE PLACE.

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Meanwhile, in the hands of its various possessors, Groombridge Place had undergone changes, but the existing house mainly belongs to the seventeenth century, when the estate came to the family of Packer, in the reign of Charles I. Through the advice of Evelyn, who had just returned from the Continent, a semi-classic style was adopted, and the house rose as we see it to-day, embodying much of the old, but invested with the character of the new. The plan of the letter H, upon which the house was built, is one that lends itself exceedingly well to fine architectural grouping, with solid effects of light and shade. Evelyn's hand appears also to have directed the formation of the gardens. These are exceedingly beautiful, the grouping of wood, water, lawn, and flower-beds being admirable. The glassy water reflects green sweeps of lawn and the graceful foliage that overhangs; the planting has been most judicious, and throughout the whole of the surroundings there is conspicuous evidence of the exercise of fine taste. The old moat remains, and seems to fall very happily into its place as an ornamental feature, adding much to the charm of the house. Groombridge is famous, like Warwick Castle, for its peacocks, and these, spreading their resplendent sheen by the terraces and walls, lend the needful touch of bright colour to their verdant surroundings. The gardens generally have the stately character of an earlier day, with trimly-clipped hedges of yew and laurel lining the paths, and handsome vases and other adornments upon the terraces. The foliage is rich and varied, including oak, birch,



Photo. Catford,

VIEW FROM THE ROAD.

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larch, and dark Scotch fir, and a charming air of seclusion pervades the place. The surrounding district is very beautiful—famous, indeed, for its charms, with fine rocks, broken stretches and bold hills, constituting a noble framework for a delightful country home.

JOHN LEYLAND.

The Home of Rest for Horses.

THAT a short ten minutes' ride from Paddington should take one into the country seems incredible, but so it is; and yet that excellent institution, the Home of Rest for Horses, at Friar's Place Farm, Acton, might be a hundred miles away. The Duke of Portland is the President, and the objects of the association are:—

1. To enable the poorer classes to procure, on moderate terms, rest and good treatment for animals that are failing, not from age, but from overwork or other accidental causes, and are likely to be benefited by a few weeks' rest and care. A little timely relief of this kind will enable failing horses to do further work for years with comfort, and thus save their owners unnecessary outlay in purchasing others.

2. To provide animals for poor persons for temporary use while their own are resting in the Home; a small amount being charged for such loans, and a strict guarantee of good treatment being exacted.

3. To provide a suitable asylum for "old favourites," which would suffer by being turned out only to grass, but whose owners, instead of destroying them or selling them for further labour, desire to place them under good treatment for the remainder of their days, paying a remunerative charge for such accommodation.

A poor person, upon obtaining a subscriber's letter, is entitled to have his horse examined free of charge, and, if the case is a suitable one, admitted into the Home, subject to the payment of 2s. 6d. a week, which will include loose box,

veterinary treatment and attendance, forage and grazing. If the owner presents two subscribers' letters he can, if the case be approved, put his animal in the Home entirely free of expense. Donkeys, the property of costermongers and others, will be received upon a subscriber's letter for treatment and rest, entirely free of expense to the owner. In order to protect the Home from contagion, no animal can be accepted until it has been passed by the veterinary surgeon. It is a special feature of the Home to undertake the charge of "old favourites," and to provide them with every care and comfort for the remainder of their days, and the terms are £26 a year. This includes loose box, forage, grazing, veterinary supervision, clothing, and every requirement, and payments should be made monthly or quarterly. Members' horses are taken in for rest only. In

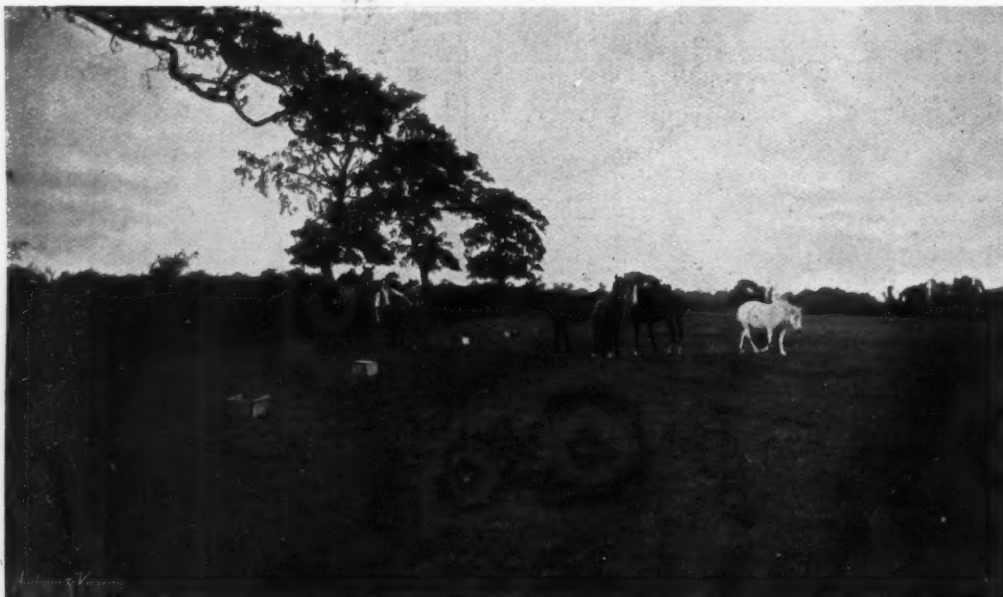


Photo. by Taber,

THE LARGE PADDOCK.

Copyright.

order to protect the privileges of the Home from being abused, every application is most carefully investigated, and no animal is admitted if it requires firing or has been fired.

A suggestion has been made that the many kind friends who interest themselves in promoting the well-being of the animal creation might favour the scheme by the promise of a given sum in aid of an endowment fund, to be paid in one sum or distributed over a period of, say, five years, in proportionate instalments. Following the lines of many leading London hospitals, a liberal benefactor, or benefactors conjointly, might be willing to permanently endow a loose box for the reception of horses received into the Home under the conditions and regulations appointed by the committee. A sum of £1,000 would be required for this purpose, and the donor or donors would acquire by such contribution a right to always have a continuous succession of inmates enjoying the benefits of the Home. One of the special features attaching to this scheme, which might have weight in the minds of the generous and benevolent, would be the fact that a succession of weary and jaded animals belonging to the deserving poorer classes—unable themselves from lack of means to afford their animals the much-needed and well-deserved rest—were enjoying periods of repose and kindly treatment, thus enabling them to continue, with renewed vigour, their faithful services to considerate owners; and, moreover, the donors would have the satisfaction of knowing that this beneficent work would continue in perpetuity. It is proposed that each loose box so endowed should bear an inscription plate, and be specially named in accordance with the wishes of the donor.

Upwards of 900 cases have now received the benefits of the institution since its establishment in 1886, an average number of these—some of them involving long and very careful treatment—having been successfully dealt with during the past year, and it is gratifying to be able to state that, without exception, the highest testimony has been given by the grateful owners as to the admirable care and attention their

up when anyone enters the gate, willing to be fed and patted and made much of.

In the stalls are some interesting cases. One is a little chestnut pony, three years old; it belonged to some costers, and was so lame that it attracted the notice of some ladies, who bought it, and, finding that the lameness was incurable, pensioned it off, so the remainder of its days will be passed under the most favourable conditions.



Photo. by Taler,

THE HOME PADDOCK

Copyright.

Another pensioner is an old horse that was in a starving condition, and belonged to some small tradesman in a country village. This was also bought by some ladies, and sent to the Home. Mrs. Henshaw, trained for racing, but which eventually became a lady's hunter, and is now twenty-eight years old, need have no care for prospective morrows; and Bones, an old charger in the Blues, now the property of Miss Hardy, can meditate on the "piping times of peace," and exchange opinions with another old charger and pensioner, a fine grey horse sent to the Home from Kingston Barracks by Colonel Benson. Bob, an old yeomanry horse, has been in for a rest, and is soon going out again.

Mrs. Dunn keeps an "old favourite" there. Sir Parker Deane's carriage horses have been enjoying a well-earned rest.

A lady's hack, lately blistered, is making excellent progress. Polly, a cab horse wanting rest, is blind in both eyes, but very sagacious, and her owner, who is devoted to her, declares that she goes along much better than many a horse that can see. She never, so the attendant said, knocks herself against the bin or the box, but seems to have an intuitive perception of the position of things about her. Tom, belonging to a traveller, has a pair of broken knees; Daisy, belonging to a greengrocer, is in for a rest. There is a very old cab horse taking its temporary ease, and its sleek appearance, in spite of its gauntness, speaks well for the care bestowed upon it. The Dumb Friends' League is paying for a horse belonging to a laundress, and there are several cab horses here in various stages of convalescence, including one fine chestnut that has been suffering with a sharp attack of fever, the result of a chill. Cocoa, and



Photo. by Taler,

THE FARM.

Copyright.

animals have received. There are about forty loose boxes at the Home of Rest, which are generally full, though there is even a slack time with tired or sick horses; and there are two meadows where the animals are turned out to grass.

The larger field is generally devoted to "old favourites," one of which has been in the Home for seven years, and no doubt appreciates the easy, restful life. They are very tame and quite accustomed to receive visitors, and come trotting

Dolly, a sleek white pony, are the property of the institution, and are let out to small tradespeople and costers at a charge of 2s. 6d. a week, or free of charge in the case of really poor deserving men, while their own horses are in the Home.

Six weeks' rest is considered sufficient to cure most ailments, and, under the favourable conditions and the great care and attention bestowed in each case, recovery is seldom slow, though

occasionally special permission is obtained for an extension of the treatment. Lady Brackenbury suggested to Our Dumb Friends' League that everyone who witnessed the wonderful spectacle of the Jubilee Procession—a spectacle which owed much of its existence, and most of its pageantry, to the aid of our faithful friend and servant the horse—should make the occasion memorable by giving at least 1s. to the Home of Rest for Horses. A cheque of ten guineas has already been sent to the Home, where the League retains a loose box, to which it sends horses of poor persons free of charge.

The work has been found to be of invaluable benefit, and cannot but commend itself to all who sympathise with, and would do all in their power to benefit, the dumb creatures who so mutely plead their own cause.

C. McD.



Photo. by Taber,

SOME PENSIONERS.

Copyright.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IT is amusing, and sometimes instructive, to take note of the intellectual calibre of the persons upon whom a new writer first makes a deep impression; for by doing this it is often possible to discover why it is that such a writer, sinning often against the rules of the art in which he is an amateur, exercises upon readers a charm of which the causes are not always easy to analyse. Now the great popularity of the late George Du Maurier began in America. His "Trilby" had been received fairly well, but without anything in the nature of enthusiasm, on this side of the Atlantic; but the Americans, who are, fortunately for themselves, less critical of form than the English, less apprehensive that by admiring the wrong thing they may incur the contempt of the superior person, abandoned themselves to unrestrained enjoyment of all that was enjoyable in Du Maurier's writing, and "Trilby" was "boomed." Long before this, however, I had learned that there was a class of intellect, and that a very typical and by no means despicable class, to which Du Maurier the novelist appealed strongly. "I remember the surprise with which I heard an English peer declare that, in his judgment, 'Peter Ibbetson' was the finest book ever written. Now he was a man as well as a peer. Of book-learning he had, like, I venture to say, most of his order, no great share, as little, indeed, as a few years of Eton and Oxford, taken very easily, can leave in a man. But he had great natural sagacity; he had seen more men and more cities than one man out of every thousand; he had visited every corner of the globe at his leisure; and, above all, he had lived in an atmosphere of brilliant conversation. It was, no doubt, as a sparkling conversationalist that Du Maurier had charmed him. The puppets of the author who has passed away live and move and have their being, and in this respect 'The Martian,' which comes to us from Messrs. Harper Brothers to remind us of a loss which is still fresh and green, almost equals 'Trilby.' We knew our Trilby, we could laugh and weep with her, Taffy and the Laird and Little Billee and Svengali were individuals clearly pictured in our minds, long before Miss Dorothea Baird and Mr. Tree translated them into flesh for us. In like manner now, in this posthumous work of the novelist who leapt at one bound into fame, we know Barty Josselin and Bonzig and Polypheme as familiar friends, and they will not be altered for us, even though they should be misinterpreted for us on the stage. But, it has been said by the sage critic, Du Maurier's 'plots are too fantastic, too improbable for the average man'; his books 'are very bad art, but very good entertainment.' Not a bit of it. Save for the supernatural business which pervades the later parts of 'The Martian,' and for the hypnotic powers of Svengali, the stories of Trilby and of Martia are, to my mind, singularly perfect as representations of human life, and as reproductions, most delicate in workmanship, of human atmosphere. The puppets, vividly human, rarely do what was expected of them; but the very haphazard character of their actions makes them natural and makes them live. For the picture which it gives of schoolboy life alone, for its absolute and light-hearted realisation of the spirit of boyhood, which is the most difficult subject in the world of which grown man may treat, 'The Martian' deserves to live for ever. Not Judge Hughes himself, relating for the most part his own experiences at Rugby under Arnold, did nobler work than Du Maurier effected in reproducing his experiences as a boy in Paris. And Judge Hughes had not Du Maurier's exquisite humour, nor his power of gentle paradox, nor, last and most important, his mastery of the pencil. To this, in the end, Du Maurier, as novelist, owes much of his influence and charm. Like Thackeray, who was his master and ideal, Du Maurier illustrated his own books, and his pencil was faultless. It follows that from the hand of the man whose brain imagined and remembered the *dramatis personae* of this happy-go-lucky drama, from a hand which could always depict precisely that which the brain conceived, we have the portraits of the characters as he conceived them; and that is the greatest help that can be given to the reader, and an unmixed delight. The pity of it, the irremediable pity of it, is that the well of Du Maurier's fancy and art cannot be drawn upon again.

From a precious work let us pass to one that is as nearly worthless as may be. "Rita," I believe, has many readers, and in writing "Peg the Rake" she fairly earned them. But, by producing "Good Mrs. Hypocrite" (Hutchinson), she has certainly done a good deal in the way of driving them away. A more squalid story, a worse-constructed affair, a clumsier catastrophe, it is difficult to

imagine. Catherine Macpherson, a hard-featured, hypocritical, selfish Scotch woman, given to good works and the quotation of texts, secures the control of the house of her brother, who is "broken in purse," but apparently fairly well to do, addicted to whiskey-toddy, and gradually decaying in mind. She bullies him and swindles him, bullies the servants till she meets her match, kicks and finally kills the kitten, takes to drink, and is discovered by her brother in the act of absorbing his whiskey. He drinks a good deal of raw whiskey, goes mad-drunk, assaults her, upsets the lamp, and they are both fatally burned. Catherine, however, survives long enough to indulge in a futile deathbed repentance. So much for the degraded story. Moreover, "Rita" is a careless writer. There is no sense in such a sentence as "It is a curious fact that an aggressive manner will prejudice people against the very best intentions." Why "curious fact"? Why not "common experience"?

Many years have passed away since, in the later days of school life, when the mind was opening rapidly, I came across those enlightening volumes in which M. Henri Taine expressed, and illustrated by appropriate quotation, his opinions concerning the quality of the literary work of our most famous men of letters. The volumes were of course eminently readable, and, though one might hesitate now to endorse much of the criticism contained in them, eminently refreshing. Cut and dried opinions from the schoolmaster, dogmatic assertions concerning the strength of this writer and the weakness of that, had become wearisome. One knew what was "the proper thing to say" of Thackeray and Dickens, of Byron and Shelley, and all the rest of them; one gave the right answer readily enough, but without any more intelligence than the candidate for Sandhurst who informs the examiner that rifles are cleaned "with the special oil provided for the purpose," or "with care." But here, in Taine, was a man of the highest cultivation, who wrote in beautiful style, and, instead of borrowing his opinions, formed them independently, and pronounced them without fear. Since then I have missed no word that came from the pen of that distinguished man, and, so happy was he in the translators who dealt with him, that it mattered not whether I happened upon him in English or in French. Hence came it that the announcement of the publication, by Mr. Unwin, of Taine's "Carnets de Voyage" came to me as an unexpected joy. They are excellent, vastly entertaining, and well translated. To profundity these notes of professional tours in provincial France make no claim. They are nothing more than impressions of Society in France under the Empire; but they are eminently bright and truthful, and, for the making of history in the modern sense, they will be of far more value than many a more serious and ambitious volume.

Space may well be found for a few words of sorrowful appreciation of the value of the work done for literature by the late Mr. Hutton. He wrote a few books, and those of a very serious and thoughtful character, but the monument of his life's work is to be found in the volumes of the *Spectator* for the last thirty-six years. The *Spectator* is, perhaps, a relic of the old days; it may even be accused of being behind the times. Certainly no man to-day could assay with any hope of success the foundation of a paper on similar lines. But, in its present position of establishment, it has great influence, and Richard Holt Hutton, more than any other man, made it what it is. Sobriety and correctness, thoughtfulness, and even profundity, are its leading characteristics; and they were the characteristics of Mr. Hutton also. He, in his way, like Mr. Henley in his fashion, stood a watchdog at the gates of literature. His tastes were simple, but severe; the value which he assigned to truth and logic, his antipathy to the meretricious in literature, may have made him slow to appreciate that which was new and brilliant. As a statesman, in the sense of the statesmanship which the editor of a serious journal ought to possess, he stood high; and during the great political crisis which the *Spectator* had to face, he steered his vessel with tact and judgment. His place will not easily be filled; but he had lived the allotted span of man's life, he had worked conscientiously all his days, he had earned his rest.

New books are now coming with a rush. Messrs. Smith and Elder are on the point of issuing Mr. Seton Merriman's "In Kedar's Tents." To readers of the *Cornhill*, this is news of minor interest, for "In Kedar's Tents" has just reached its last chapter in that magazine, but to the many readers who take their fiction *en bloc* instead of in homoeopathic doses, it will be welcome news

that the author of "The Sowers" has another book ready for them. From Messrs. Methuen comes "The Pomp of the Laviettes," by Mr. Gilbert Parker. The title encourages the belief that the story will be about the French Canadians, of whom Mr. Gilbert Parker, as he has shown us, can write delightfully. The same publishers will soon issue a story called "The Lady's Walk," by Mrs. Oliphant. Let us hope that this may prove to be written in Mrs. Oliphant's earlier and happier mood, rather than in the sad and hopeless vein of her last book, the preface to which was doubly melancholy from the fact that one felt that it represented the last words of a woman conscious of the fact that she had lived on till a generation had arisen which failed to feel her charm or appreciate her wide knowledge.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has prepared a new "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," which Mr. Grant Richards will publish. It is ill writing of what one does not know, but all the same I have a feeling that Mr. Le Gallienne's Rubaiyat may be found, to say the least, not to reach to the level of Edward Fitzgerald's. After studying many translations of "Old Omar," one is forced to

the conclusion that many of the lines and sentiments which seem most admirable in Fitzgerald's Rubaiyat are due to Edward Fitzgerald and not to Omar. Mr. John Macqueen has just published a novel called "A Girl's Awakening," by J. H. Crawford, the author of that delightful book, "The Wild Flowers of Scotland," which was reviewed in these columns a short time ago. If "The Charmer," by Shan F. Bullock (published by James Bowden), is only half as good as the same author's "By Thrasna River," it is welcome. And it is sure so to be, for it tells us an Irish story, and in such stories Mr. Bullock is perfect.

Books to order from the library:—

- "The Gadfly." E. L. Voynich. (W. Heinemann.)
- "The Invisible Man." H. G. Wells. (C. A. Pearson.)
- "White Man's Africa." P. Bigelow. (Harper.)
- "A Fair Deceiver." G. Paston. (Harper.)
- "Our Wills and Fates." K. Wyld. (Harper.)
- "What Maisie Knew." Henry James. (Heinemann.)
- "The Choir Invisible." T. L. Allen. (Macmillan.)

THE KENNEL: Some Ladies' Dogs.

MISS BUBBLES BIRKBECK, whose photograph, with Pomeranians, is given on this page, is the youngest member of the Ladies' Kennel Association, of which her mother is a founder. Mrs. Birkbeck made her *début* as an exhibitor at the Ladies' Summer Show, and her team of white puppies was a great success. No prettier sight can well be imagined than her fairy-land child, a real little "golden locks," trotting these fluffy, flossy little dogs, with silver manes and plumes, about on the lawns of Greencroft House. Mrs. Birkbeck very wisely purchased some of her prize stock from Mrs. Linklater, a well-known exhibitor in white Pomeranians, and from Miss Chell, who of late years has been recording many championships and honours in the same variety of Spitz. Children with dogs always make charming groups for the artist, and I question whether a prettier one could be found than that of Bubbles with the Greencroft team—Birk, Nipper Pearl, Topsy, and Jubilee, three of which are bred by Mrs. Birkbeck herself, from Miss Hamilton's Kleiner König of Rozelle and the Duchess of York.

There were few wins at the Botanic Gardens more generally popular than that of Mrs. Kindell's Schipperke BANTZE, and few exhibitors better merited their honours. Its owner has now for several years been generously supporting clubs and shows and encouraging breeders by purchases, without having the good fortune to secure a dog that could reward her enthusiasm by winning leading honours. The Summer Show, too, brought Mrs. Kindell's kennel of Borzois, if not quite into the front rank, at least into prominence, and her hounds are now properly termed prize winners in good competition, while Bantze, in the Schipperke division, was more than a success, for he won first in a class of eleven entries. This little "brave Belge" is a very good specimen of his breed, having a nice mane and dense coat of proper texture, a sharp typical head, with small ears rightly placed, which is no more than should be expected from his birth, for he is a son of St. Hubert, the dog



Photo. by T. Fall, MISS BIRKBECK AND HER POMERANIANS. Baker Street.

chosen by the Schipperke Club as its model stud dog, and the dam was Favourite, one of Mr. Green's.

My readers are, perhaps, beginning to find out that my own

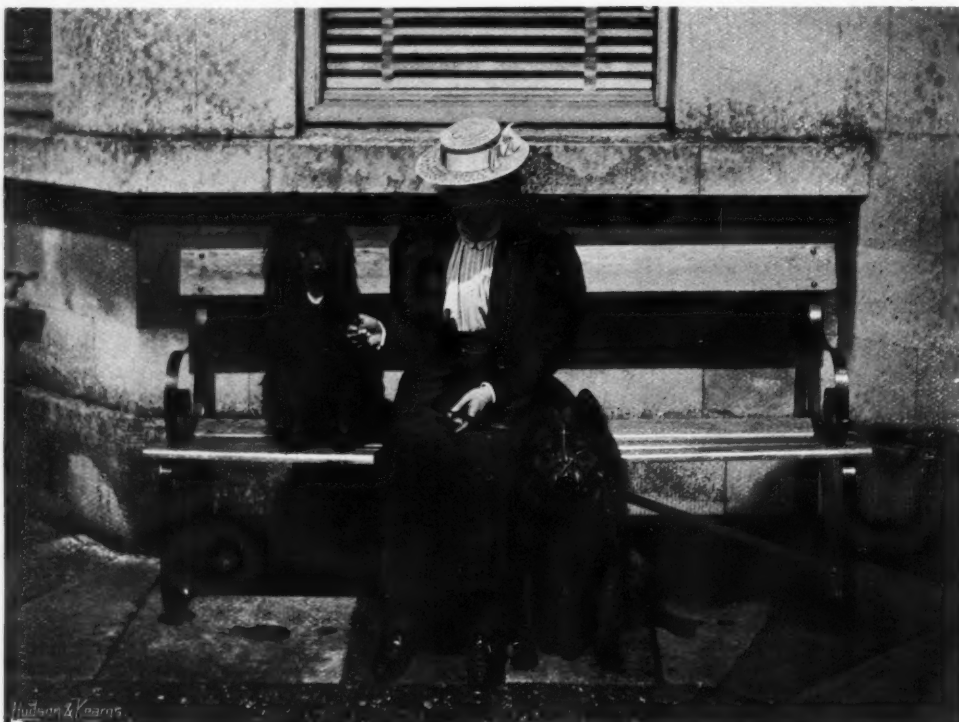


Photo. F. Chinn, MRS. KINDELL'S BANTZE. Denmark Park.



Photo. by J. A. Rodger, LAWS LORIS. Broughty Ferry.

particular preference in dogs is Black Pugs, and I confess the Nubians are to me, and will always be, quite the most interesting of the small dogs. The one whose portrait appears this week is the property of Miss H. Cowper, of Buckingham, and a member of the Ladies' Kennel Association. His introduction to the showing was at the grand gathering in Holland Park last year, where he was successful in winning prizes. Miss Cowper has exhibited him only at the principal dog shows, and has, therefore, always met the keenest competition. At the Ladies' Show this year, however,



MISS GORDON WITH PERIDOT AND PUNKAH.

LAWS LORIS won a first as well as other prizes, and the special which was given for the best Black Pug bred in Scotland, and Miss Cowper feels well repaid for her confidence in the merits of her pet. Laws Loris is a son of Miss R. Mortival's Black Loris, the dog which made the sensational *début*, when a puppy some four or five years ago, of winning first and special in every class given for Black Pugs at the Pet Dog Show, as well as the club's gold medal for best Black Pug in the show. His dam, Doatie Dearest, claims the best blood of Mrs. Fifield's kennels, so that in parentage Laws Loris has everything to recommend him to notice, and it is little cause for wonder that he has such

a beautiful ebony coat, while, as the picture evidences, his face and head are full of true Pug character. Indeed, there are few to excel him in purity of colour and type, and the only reason that Laws Loris does not invariably take a leading place is that he is too big to please some judges. His size, indeed, is somewhat remarkable, as both parents are small, and his litter sister was named Dott, on account of her tiny proportions. For myself, I believe this to be a case of heredity, for, on the side of Black Loris, he is a descendant of Tum Tum, a Pug of some twelve years ago, which, I am told, was known to sire giants and dwarfs in the same litter, while Miss Mortival's kennel goes to prove this true, for she is often producing big and little from the same litter. An instance of this was Nigger Sam and Piccaninny, the former of which is over 16lb., while the latter only weighed 5½lb. at two years of age, when she died.

When writing about Lady Granville Gordon's Chows, which were illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE a week or two ago, the accompanying illustration of MISS ARMYNE GORDON WITH PERIDOT AND PUNKAH should have been included, but was not obtained in time for publication with the others. The portraits are good, and the picture, though the work of an amateur friend of Lady Granville, really excellent. Mrs. George Fitzwilliam, of Peterborough, was the artist, and she has been very successful in securing a series of groups of the Chows when they were visiting Milton. Punkah, Miss Armyne Gordon's own particular dog, is a great household favourite, being of charming disposition and of very smart appearance. And talking of Chows reminds me of a story told of this or one of Mrs. Fitzwilliam's. One day the hounds were in full cry

after a fox, which disappeared into one of the shrubberies in the private grounds at Milton.

The pack went in after him, and suddenly came upon the red foxy-headed Chow. Extraordinary to relate, no attack was made on the pretty Chinaman, though everyone expected that he would have been torn to pieces by the hounds before they had time to discover their mistake. But, as it was, the hounds came bundling out of the shrubbery as quickly as they had entered it, and no one was more relieved than Mrs. Fitzwilliam, who was naturally in a state of some concern over the untoward *rencontre*.

A. S. R.

A CLEVER DOG.

THE photographs represent Jack in the performance of his various tricks. In these days, when preference is given to fox-terriers with legs and noses disproportionately long, Jack's strong, broad-chested build would not be likely to receive favour on the bench; but if he lacks beauty, according to the present standard, he certainly makes up for it in brain power. Jack is a very Gladstone of dogs in this respect. There is quite a deep ridge at the top of his head where the brain divides, showing the development on either side caused, as Darwin would suggest, by the exercise of his youthful faculties.

It is pleasant to see him, at his master's bidding, go through the numerous feats he has learnt, all requiring such intelligence of mind and agility of body as few dogs are capable of.

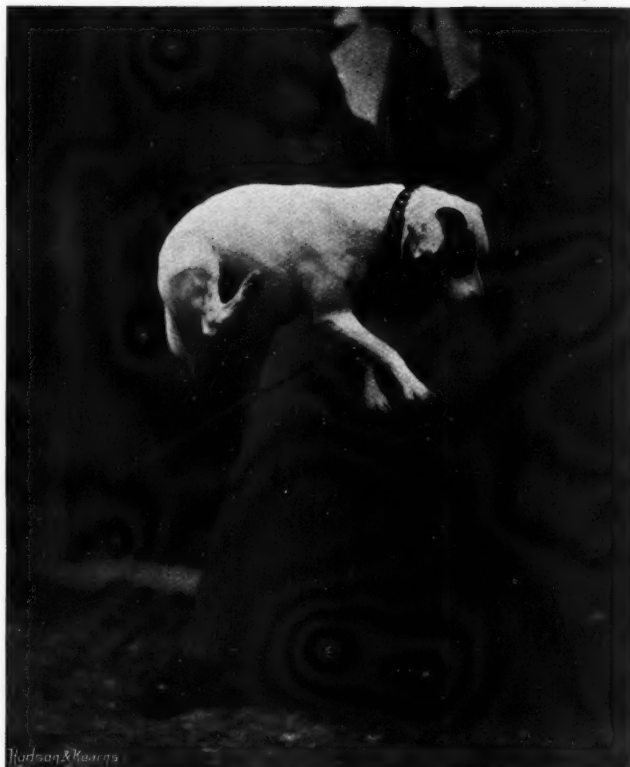
Jack is a famous steeplechaser. The hurdles—i.e., chairs—are placed at some distance apart in a circle, and, at the word of command, Jack commences, as seen in the photograph, to leap from one to another with the utmost ease and lightness. He will continue this *ad lib.*, and rarely makes a mistake. He can also jump through hoops, or over a stick held at some height, and hunting men might well envy the way in which he tucks up his



Photo. by C. S. Johns,

STEEPLECHASING.

Copyright.



LEAPING OVER A STICK.

Copyright.

hind legs, and wish that their hunters were capable of clearing the same height in proportion to their size, and in the same neat style. If a tempting morsel in the shape of a piece of meat be held up, Jack will leap straight up into the air to obtain it, and the photographer has been happy in his effort here to represent the dog when poised in a perpendicular attitude between the desired beef and *terra firma*.

Jack is also an adept in the art of begging, and sits up rigid as a sentinel. He will die for his country in the approved fashion of canine heroes, lying motionless and apparently lifeless until warned to "Look out, here is a policeman coming!" when he jumps up with such extreme alacrity as would lead one to suppose he was the veriest criminal unhang. Climbing up a



Photo. by C. S. Johns,

BEGGING.

Copyright.

high ladder may be mentioned among his many feats, and it is one requiring a steady head, good powers of balancing, and nimble feet. He can also when requested shut a door that is set ajar, and this he accomplishes by rearing himself up on his hind legs and throwing himself forcibly upon his front paws against the door, which shuts with a bang that resounds through the house, and is, truth to tell, somewhat trying to the ear-drums of its inmates.

Jack is a general favourite, but he has his enemies, and these are of the feline tribe. He has suffered a good deal at times in his encounters with some of the species, and has been known to go about for days with an eye that is a comical reminder of the one in Landseer's picture of "Low Life."

But let it not be thought by the above recital of his accomplishments that Jack shines only as a drawing-room dog. He is animated by the true spirit of the chase, whether the game be rabbit or rat, and has accounted for a large number of the latter during the past year. Jack is also a trustworthy watchdog.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LOCH LEVEN TROUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be greatly obliged if you, or any of your subscribers, could kindly give me any suggestions as to dealing with Loch Leven trout in a large lake in England, where they have quite ceased to rise to fly—at least, have ceased to take the artificial fly. Until about two years ago they rose freely enough, and have been caught up to the weight of four pounds. Now they decline to give any sport whatever to fly, though an occasional one will take a minnow. I shall be glad to hear whether this is a common experience with Loch Leven trout, and whether any possible remedy can be suggested.—I am, Sir, etc., GEORGE BROWN.

[Unfortunately the above experience is far from uncommon. The complaint is often made of Loch Levens. The fact is that, after a trout has come to a certain size, he does not bother himself about fly very much, preferring a cannibal diet of the young of his own species. These big trout become, therefore, a bane rather than a blessing in a loch, eating their own kind as voraciously as pike. The main trouble in the lake that our correspondent refers to would appear to be a lack of fish of the right size for rising to fly. This appears the probable explanation. No doubt, since the trout appear to have been in the lake a good while, they should have bred and so recuperated the stock. That they have not done so looks as if something were not quite right in their nurseries—i.e., the streams flowing into the lake. Possibly too big a rush of water is apt to come down these in time of flood, such as would carry down the ova; but we cannot do better than refer our correspondent to the special books on making fisheries, if this is the cause of the trouble. From these he will readily see how to control the streams so as to give the breeding trout the right volume and force of water. As an alternative we should recommend him to stock his lake anew with two year old Loch Levens, which will be old enough to take care of themselves amongst their bigger brethren.—ED.]

PLANTING OF LARCHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Could COUNTRY LIFE, or any of its readers, help me with advice about the planting of larches? Lately, none of these trees that I have planted have come to any good whatever, and yet the soil appears to be identical, as the site is identical, with that on which larches flourished fairly well until the fatal gale of November five years ago. I can get the spruces to do excellently, but the larches are virtually a complete failure. And yet I have done all that I know, or can learn, as likely to ensure success.—I am, Sir, etc., C. B., Banffshire, N.B.

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am taking the liberty of sending you a grouse—shot while driving—which has in its crop, as you will see, a wad. The bird was killed in front of the butt, but fell behind it, and it is, therefore, possible, though scarcely conceivable, that the wad was driven down its throat by the very shot that killed it. But it had not this appearance at all, for there was no mark of blood on the wad or of injury to the throat, and a grouse, moreover, does not fly as a rule with its mouth open, like a nightjar, to swallow anything that may be flying about. I send you this bird, with the wad replaced as we found it, thinking you might like to reproduce its singular appearance from a photograph.—I am, Sir, etc., A SUBSCRIBER.

[We are much obliged to our correspondent, and the circumstance is certainly a very singular one; but it scarcely lends itself to illustration from a photograph, especially after the grouse has undergone a long railway journey from the North. It is enough to say that the wad, as we found it, was lodged rather in the throat than in the crop, having forced for itself a kind of pocket, in which it must have lain, sorely to the bird's discomfort. Indeed, it is wonderful how it can have subsisted, or have swallowed its food past such a large obstruction. It appears fairly evident that the bird must have swallowed the wad—which is one of the kind that goes between powder and shot—thinking that it was something good to eat. The marvel is that the wad did not choke the bird. The hypothesis that it might have been fired down the grouse's throat by the shot that killed it, we regard as altogether untenable. The bird was in fairly good condition.—ED.]

A NARROW ESCAPE.

MR. EDWARD BIRD, the manager of Sir J. Blundell Maple's racing stable, writes as follows:—"Thinking it will interest you, I send herewith a photograph of the head and neck of the two year old filly Hampton Brook by Hampton from Rosybrook, who had a narrow escape from being burned to death at the last Nottingham Meeting. Her box was discovered by the night watchman to be on fire, just in time to get her out, but not before she was well roasted. She was at Colwick Park waiting to run in the Little John Plate, won by Orviepano. The photograph was taken a fortnight after the occurrence, so that you can imagine the burns were very severe. We hope the shock and injuries will not affect her racing merit, as she promised to be a smart filly."

HAMPTON BROOK made her first appearance on a race-course in the Rendlesham Two Year Old Plate on the second day of the Easter Bank Holiday Meeting at Kempton Park, in which she ran third to St. Ia and Allegro. She next ran at Epsom in the Westminster Plate at the Spring Meeting on the Metropolitan Day, and here again she was third. She again finished behind Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Allegro, Cobra being also in front of her, but she had the very useful Sweet Adare and Hydrangea behind her, these five constituting the whole field. Her only other appearance was at



Photo. by C. Hailey,

HAMPTON BROOK.

Newmarket.

Harpden, a meeting at which Sir Blundell Maple usually provides a winner or two, and here, with odds of 5 to 2 laid on her chance, she very easily accounted for the Alexandra Stakes. Our second illustration is of THE STABLE-YARD AT COLWICK PARK, in one of the boxes of which the accident occurred.

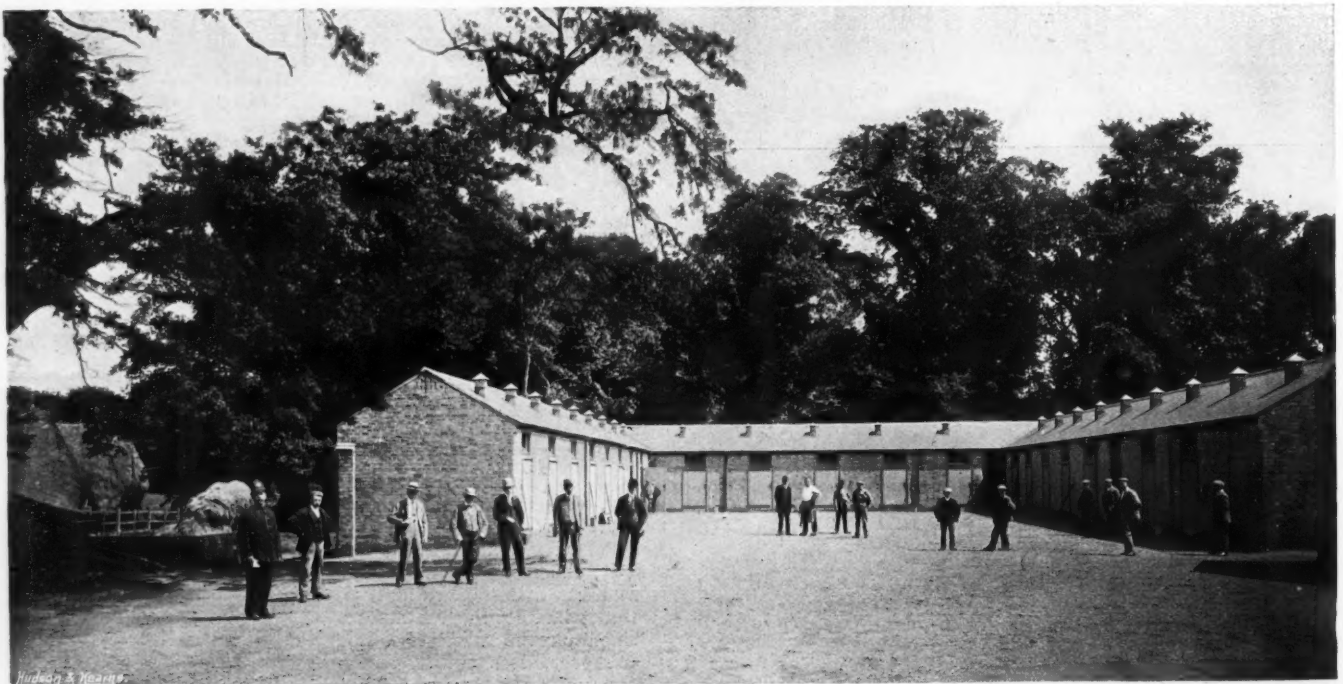


Photo. by W. A. Roush.

THE STABLE-YARD AT COLWICK PARK

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A FOUR YEAR OLD STEEPLECHASER.

THE Flemington Grand National Steeplechase this year was won by a four year old horse called HAYSEED, whose portrait is given on the opposite page. At one time there seemed every chance of the race being decided to the accompaniment of a drenching shower, but after a few heavy drops had come down, while the horses were at the post, it cleared off.

There were plenty of people to take stock of the candidates for the big race in the paddock, and "a very ordinary lot indeed" was the general comment. The owners of Hayseed were divided in opinion as to their chance. Mr. S. Miller thought Hayseed very likely to win, but Mr. Albert Miller was afraid that he would not stay the distance, although Hayseed had been tried a real good horse up to two miles.

Beyond that distance he had not been asked to go. As it turned out, he won like a stayer, and, bar accidents, there should be a great career before him. The time was the fastest on record, thanks to the race being run at a sound pace all the way. At the abattoirs the second time round about eight of the starters were together, and all going well. Timoni was the first of this lot to tail off, and as Zouroff ran from about fifth place, and led Dondi over the last jump, his backers were very confident. On landing, however, everything changed. Hayseed was first into the straight, with Vigil and Confidence looking very dangerous, while Zouroff was plainly beaten. Confidence—who was always roguish—cut it in the most unmistakable fashion at the distance, and with Vigil failing to stay, Hayseed won handsomely at the finish. It was a beautiful race, and J. J. Allan and Hayseed got a capital reception as they came back to scale.

The race is thus described in the *Australasian*:—"Rounding the course for the second time, Doctor led Dondi by three or four lengths along the back, Peveril well up next, and then Hayseed, going strongly, with Timoni, Zouroff, Confidence, Britomarte, and Vigil following in the order named. Timoni appeared to have had enough at this point, and was being ridden hard to keep his place, while Nipper had tailed off. Hayseed's rider made a forward move at the abattoirs, and took up his position just behind Doctor, Dondi's cerise jacket being a conspicuous object at his side, and then came Confidence, Zouroff, Peveril, Woonooke, and Vigil, all these still going well. Dondi joined Doctor at the sheds, the pair being a couple of lengths in advance of Hayseed and Zouroff, who were running side by side, with Confidence, Woonooke, Britomarte, and Vigil next, and Timoni now quite out of it. Doctor commenced to hang out signs of distress at the turn, and had dropped out of the leading division at the second last fence, where Dondi had a slight advantage



Photo. by Wall Bros.,

HAYSEED.

St. Kilda.

from Zouroff, with Hayseed, Vigil, and Confidence all well up, Woonooke, who was just making a forward run, coming down over the obstacle.

Hayseed and Zouroff were the first over the last fence, and they came into the straight well together, Confidence, Vigil, and Dondi next, the latter dropping back rapidly. Zouroff was done with at the distance, where Confidence, on the inside, challenged Hayseed. The grey got within a neck of Mr. Miller's gelding, and then dropped back, and Brewer on Vigil simultaneously made his effort. He looked quite like catching the leader at one time, but Hayseed still had something left in him, and easily stalling off the roan, won a fine race by a couple of lengths. Confidence finished third, three lengths behind Vigil, while four lengths further back was Zouroff. Time, 6min. 41½sec."

RACING NOTES.

THERE was plenty of racing last week, though none of very much importance until Manchester. Birmingham was well attended on Monday and Tuesday, and the meetings there are evidently becoming popular. So large was the number of horses which arrived for the first day's racing that the stabling accommodation was quite inadequate, and it was evident that we should see unusually big fields. This was fully borne out by the result, and an enormous number of horses went to the post during the afternoon. The September Stakes was won by Addio, a daughter of the well-bred Adieu; and Lady Athel, who is by that useful sire Atheling out of Lady Gough, by Lord Gough, took the Maiden Plate. Ever since Saraband went to America, his stock have been doing well in this country, and another of his children, Dancing Jew, who won a race at the Newmarket First July Meeting, followed this up by taking the last event of the day, the Hindlip Stakes, in which he beat Bravo, who ran second to Rigmarole, at Nottingham, last month.



Photo. by J. Stevens

THE RACE-COURSE STABLES, MANCHESTER.

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It will be remembered that "Mr. Theobald's" Phœbus Apollo, by St. Simon out of Polynesia, by Barcaldine, showed some smart form at Doncaster, by beating Dinna Forget and Prince Barcaldine, the latter of whom had won the Cleveland Handicap the day before, in the Alexandra Plate. Previous to that he had not been seen out since Epsom, but I happen to know that he has been looked upon as a useful colt ever since his two year old days. He always seems to lose his form, however, in the summer, and I fancy that he does not show at his best when the ground is hard. He has come on nicely since the recent rains, and at Birmingham he repeated his Doncaster victory by winning the Great Midland Handicap. It was a grand race, and he only got home by a head from Miss Fraser, with Angelina beaten another head for second place, but he was giving 15lb. to the second and 16lb. to the third, and he will win again before the season ends. Forcett was made a warm favourite for this event, and Wales, who won the Irish Derby at the Curragh, in June last, was also well

backed. These two once looked like having the finish to themselves, but the former, although he showed good speed, failed to stay home, whilst Wales ran all over the course, and will, probably, do better another day, and with a heavier weight.

On the same afternoon there was racing both at Windsor and Pontefract, but the cashings did not seem to affect any of the three meetings, and there were good attendances at each.

The first race at Windsor, the Curfew Plate, was remarkable for being won by Ashling, a son of the almost unheard of Brayley and a mare of unknown pedigree. Brayley is an own brother to Prince Rudolph, by Prince Charlie out of Hester, and he was a hard, useful horse, like all his breed, on the turf. Prince Rudolph gets very good-looking stock, as he should do, having regard to his breeding and his own good looks, but they want time, which they very seldom get. Some day something by him will get a chance and make a great horse.

It was a smart performance on the part of Prince Barcaldine to give 10lb. to Amberite in the Longest Reign Handicap, and it enhances the

form of Phœbus Apollo, who beat him at Doncaster. The Snood filly improved upon her Kempton Park running by taking the Falstaff Selling Plate, after which she was sold for 320 guineas.

The most interesting event of the second day at Windsor was the Norman Tower Nursery. For this St. Lucia carried the top weight of 9st., and after her running at Derby and Doncaster, it looked as if she would give the weight to her seven not very brilliant opponents. For some reason or another, however, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Excepcional, to whom she was giving 14lb., was preferred to her in the market, as also was Torres Vedras, with 7lb. the best of the weights. The two favourites did not disgrace themselves, as they finished second and third, but it was evident a long way from home that St. Lucia would beat them both, and she won easily by a length. The last race of the meeting, the Cumberland Plate, was won by Bravo, who ran second to Dancing Jew at Birmingham.

The Autumn Breeders' Foal Stakes, at Manchester, on Thursday, was a very interesting affair. It was unfortunate that Champ de Mars was withdrawn, but Longtown (fully recovered from his accident, I was glad to hear) and Nun Nicer were there to fight their Whitsuntide battle over again. The Wyvern was to have an opportunity of showing that his Ascot form was wrong, and the Rous Plate winner, Wildfowler, was down to run. The betting was very close between these four, and although Longtown again disappointed his friends, the other three ran a pretty race home, in which, although Nun Nicer fairly beat The Wyvern for second place, she was unable to get nearer than half a length to Wildfowler. Longtown was giving 5lb. to the winner, 6lb. to the second, and 13lb. to the third, and he probably does not like the Manchester track, so that I shall expect him to improve on this running later on. The winner appears to be some 7lb. in front of Nun Nicer, which may not be anything very wonderful, and The Wyvern is evidently moderate as yet, though he is not unlikely to make a good three year old. Wildfowler is a nicely-bred colt by Gallinule out of Tragedy, and, like most of this year's principal winners, full of Birdcatcher blood.

The "going" was decidedly inclined to be heavy on the second day, which may have had its effect on the result of the Lancaster Nursery Handicap. That disappointing two year old, The Khedive, was naturally made favourite with only 7st. 10lb., Dielytra was fancied over his favourite distance, for all his 9st., and Oceano was backed at 4 to 1, in spite of a 10lb. penalty. The extra weight failed to stop the daughter of Ocean Wave and Virus, and she got home

Handicappers are only mortal, so must sometimes make mistakes, and one of these was the handicapping of Ashburn in the Prince Edward Handicap, on Saturday. This Irish-bred three year old was the best of his age in Ireland, last year, where he won four races out of the six in which he started. He then came to England, and ran fourth in the Lancaster Nursery Handicap at the Manchester November Meeting, carrying top weight of 9st. in a field of thirteen,



Photo. by J. Stevens, CANTERING TO THE POST, MANCHESTER.

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and conceding 30lb. to the winner, 32lb. to the second, and 34lb. to the third. He has never run since, and yet on Saturday last he only carried 7st. 11lb., the lowest weight of all but one. Why this should have been so it is difficult to imagine, and most people when they saw the weights in this handicap must have jumped to the conclusion that there was something wrong with him.

The race brought out a good field of fourteen. Bellevin was the quickest to begin, then Eager drew out and tried to cut down his field, but he was settled a quarter of a mile from home, and left Easter Gift and Ashburn in front. The former of these died out in the straight, where the weight told on Birchrod and Red Heart, and although Minstrel for a time looked dangerous, Ashburn shook him off, and won cleverly by a length.

His original weight in the Cambridgeshire, 6st. 7lb., is equally inexplicable, and although at Manchester, last November, he finished in front of Brayhead and History, giving them 19lb. and 17lb. respectively, he was here handicapped to receive 2lb. from the former of these. Even now, with a 10lb. penalty, he may take some beating. He is by Bel Demonio out of the twenty-three year old mare Cecropia, by Cecrops, out of Bounce, by Flatterer, her dam Bittern, by Fisherman. This remarkable mare, who is half-sister to that successful sire, Brag, has bred a lot of winners, and she, this year, crossed the Channel to visit Carnage, at Cobham, doubtless in order to get another cross of the stout Fisherman blood.

On the same afternoon, at Manchester, Oceano, who had won the Lancaster Nursery the day before, and the Solihul Nursery at Birmingham, on Tuesday, carried a 10lb. penalty successfully in the Gerard Nursery, this making her third successive win during the week, and it was evidently a smart performance on the part of Bicorniger to give her 19lb., and run her to three-quarters of a length, on Friday.

There was a good meeting and some interesting racing at Hurst Park on Saturday, when True Art, with 3 to 1 laid on her, beat a weak field in the Long Distance Plate of two miles. No one can tell how good this filly may not be, as she has now won five races without being beaten, and it would not surprise me in the least to see her win the Cesarewitch with 7st. 2lb.

St. Bris is now favourite for that race, but I cannot say that I have ever fancied him, and I much prefer Soliman, who was also backed at the same price, 10 to 1, on Saturday. Marco is fancied by many good judges, but we have to take his stamina on trust, and I doubt such a heavy horse as St. Cloud getting the distance, although he has backers at 100 to 8.

Merman did not take part in the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester on Saturday, though it was reported that he would do so. I still have most fancy for the three that I picked out the moment I saw the weights—namely, Merman, Keenan, and Soliman—and to these I must now add True Art. Gulistan was backed at 18 to 1 for the Cambridgeshire last week, and it is needless for me to point out to my readers the chance this four year old must have with 7st. 12lb., fit and well at the post.

OUTPOST.



Photo. by J. Stevens, IN TATTERSALL'S ENCLOSURE, MANCHESTER.

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three-quarters of a length in front of Bicorniger, who was giving her 19lb. Dielytra was fourth, and the favourite sixth. Mr. McCalmont's Templecombe (8st. 7lb.) was fancied, but could get no nearer than seventh, and Royette, who won the first Nursery of the season, finished last, carrying 8st. 9lb. The Khedive is evidently not so good as he was once thought to be, but Dielytra ran well for a long way under his 9st.

THE HORSE IN HERALDRY.

BOADICEA, fair queen of painted hordes, will ever remain enshrined in Britons' hearts, if only for her skilful use of milk-white steeds and clouds of war chariots. Beautiful horses, together with the will and ability to manage them, have, indeed, characterised the inhabitants of Albion since history took note of their proceedings, and the same traits are as observable to-day as they were when the Roman eagle found it so hard a task to secure foothold in our rugged forests. If Alexander built to Bucephalus when dead a gorgeous city, we erect palaces amidst green fields for the upbringing and training of plucky hunters and determined racers. The white horse of Kent was a power in the land before the sable animal came over with the Saxons, and although Caesar refers to war-horses alone, we may conjecture that the noble beast was equally prized for hunting purposes. Certainly in Anglo-Saxon times the rudiments of horse-racing may be traced. With the feudalism of the Normans, staying power rather than speed was probably expected, for on the field of battle, or at jousts, the heavily-armoured knight required a sturdy beast to carry him and withstand the terrific shock of opposing forces. But a different breed must have been in demand for the absorbing business of chasing the hart, coursing the hare, following falcons, and keeping up with fierce hounds baying death to the sharp-fanged wolf or fearfully tusked boar.

Crown tenants had not merely to provide the king's army with war-chargers and men-at-arms, but were bound to have in readiness horses fit for the chase, to find stabling for the paramount lord's cattle, as well as grooms to tend them. Among many examples, Roger Rastall held lands at Bulwell, Notts, by paying to the king every year a horse with a halter.

Heraldry naturally took note of this kind of feeling, and although the larger proportion of horses seen in coat-armour pertain to soldiering, being protected with mail or richly caparisoned, we have many without harness or with simple bridles and saddles. He is shown standing still, trotting, at full speed, rearing proudly, and occasionally playing tricks. The French heralds are particularly happy in their nomenclature. A horse without harness is said to be *gai*, which is a delightful expression; if rearing he is *cabre*; but if the mane flies back and the mouth is wide open it is *effare*; whilst an animal with eyes differently coloured to the body is appropriately said to be *anime*, for is not the eye "the window of the soul"?

guard against enemies and freebooters, but to keep under the prolific race of devastating wolves. Studholme, of whom we hear in Cumberland under Henry II., bore vert, a horse argent, caparisoned or; on a chief of the second, three spur rowels, gule. Name and insignia would seem to mark out the bearer as a tenant in capite, or under one of the palatines, whose duty consisted in breeding horses for his overlord. Coulthart of that ilk bear—argent, a fess sable between three colts courant, sable. Tradition has it that these arms were granted to Alfred, lord of the barony of Coulthart, by King Malcolm, in reward for successfully organising the defence against William I. of England. He held his barony on the tenure of providing three horses in times of war. The supporters are a horse in armour and a hart royally crowned. Did the barony take its name from the arms, or were the devices suggested by the title? It would be difficult to say. The Knights bear—argent, three bendlets gules; on a canton azure, a spur, rowel downwards, strapped or. The crest is a spur between two wings, and the motto "Te digno sequare." It is said that one of the Knights was involved with the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland in the rebellion of 1569, and owed his escape by timely flight to a lady, who, becoming aware of immediate danger, sent him a leathered spur in a sheet of paper, on which two wings were drawn and the above motto penned.

More directly sporting are the following examples: Ashton—argent, a horse passant gardant gules, holding in its mouth an oak sprig, vert, acorns or; which is suggestive of gallops under the far-spreading greenwood tree in primitive forests. Trevelyan, Cornwall—gules, the base barry of five argent and azure, a demi-horse rampant issuant, of the second; which shows us the divided Cornish interests of field and flood. Rostling—argent, a horse passant, sable, bridled and saddled, or. The Fries, whom we hear of in Devon in the reign of Edward IV., bore gules, three horses courant, argent. Junior branches of the family depict their horses, *gai* or bridled, in various attitudes. Sir Theodore Fry bears—per fess gules and sable, three horses courant, argent, two flanches of the last each charged with a horseshoe of the second. Sir Walter Gilbey had a grant of arms as follows—gules, a fess nebuly or, a horse rampant in chief and base between two estoiles, or.

Horses frequently appear as supporters, those noble houses descending from Anglo-Saxon stock particularly affecting the white or black horse. The Duke of Norfolk's nag holds a slip of oak in its teeth, which is appropriate, considering the richly wooded character of the ancestral estates. The Derings, of undoubted Saxon origin, have a black horse as crest and supporters, while the crest of the Dunscombes, of County Cork, is—out of a ducal coronet, a horse's hind leg, sable, horseshoe argent.

So important are the interests involved that we frequently see shoes, bridles, saddles, breaking bits, fetterlocks, and spurs in heraldry, and, more rarely, mounted men.

Mules and donkeys are honourably borne, and are specially well famed in Spain and other parts of the Continent, while sometimes the ass may symbolise a pride that aped humility, in imitation of the power and pomp loving princes of the Church who affected to ride asses and mules, thereby the more clearly manifesting their presumptuous arrogance—it probably more often represented the onager. Of this creature the heralds say: "It is a free beast, large of body, and not tamed. Hee haunteth in mountaynes and woddies, and by the lightheas of his body, in runnyng, he overcometh both the lyon and the wolfe."

He hateth greatly company of men and loveth well deserte places." Who would not willingly hunt the onager, fitting emblem of the free and hardy?

Directly connected with the jousting track is the Musgrave coat of arms: azure, six annulets or, crest, two arms vambraced, *i.e.*, in armour, holding an annulet. The Musgraves came from Germany, and it seems the first of the name who bore the above arms, finding himself at the Court of the puissant Duke of Austria, fell in love with the great man's daughter. But there was another equally eligible suitor, much to the consternation of the Duke, who was anxious to give offence to neither. What was he to do? Why, bid the ardent youths haste to the jousting track and win their love by their prowess. Musgrave, nothing daunted, came up smiling, gorgeously attired. He bore off the ring six times running (Cupid and Venus! was there ever such luck?) and claimed his bride. Who dare say that heraldry is only fit for Dry-as-dusts?

GUY CADOGAN ROTHERY.



Photo. by J. Stevens,

THE FINISH OF A RACE, MANCHESTER.

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A horse, said the Masters of the Tournament, must not only have the beauty of women, but the three best qualities of a lion: deportment, hardihood, and impetuosity; three characteristics of an ox: the eye, the nostrils, and the muscles; three points of a sheep: the nose, the sweetness of temper, and patience; three of a mule: strength, perseverance at work, and surety of foot; three of the hart: the head, leg, and short hair; three of the wolf: the throat, neck, and acuteness of hearing; three of the fox: the ear, tail, and trot; three of the serpent: the memory, sight, and suppleness; three of the hare or cat: the swiftness, the lightness of step, and the litheness.

Some heraldic horses seem to be partly connected with war and partly with sport. Of this nature is the nag's head, bridled, worn as crest by the Earls of Dunbar and March, who, as keepers and wardens of the Marshes, thus plainly showed their readiness for action. The Annondale Johnstones, wardens of the West Marshes, had a winged spur as a crest. These officers had not only to

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING IN FRANCE.

MANY English sportsmen will be surprised to learn that excellent partridge shooting can be obtained within a few miles of Paris, and bags made there that would be no discredit to a well-preserved English manor. French sportsmen differ but little from the majority of shooting men to be met with in England. In fact, the upper classes are very much alike everywhere, and it is only amongst the *bourgeoisie* that the characteristics are sufficiently marked to attract the stranger's attention. It has been derisively said that a French sportsman will "pot" as *gibier* any bird that flies, and that the bag at the end of the day will probably include a few larks or sparrows, but the same remark applies with equal force to the Cockney so-called sportsman of a similar class who on Sunday mornings will blaze away at every living thing he can find to shoot at on the Hackney Marshes.

On the best shoots in France, however, sport is carried on in a manner that will compare favourably with anything of the kind in England. The sportsmen are not *outré* in dress, and usually carry weapons made by the best English or

Parisian gunmakers, and men like Guyot, of Rue de Ponthieu, can turn out a gun that would be no discredit to a first-class London firm.

Having frequently participated in partridge shooting in various districts in France, my experience of a day's sport on one of the best preserves near Paris may be of interest. After an early cup of *café au lait*, and the usual roll of bread, we made a hurried rush to the Chemin du Nord, leaving the man to attend to guns and a retriever dog of my own. My friend and myself ensconced ourselves in a comfortable compartment, and were soon speeding along towards Versailles. Whilst my friend busied himself with the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, I was much interested in the country through which we passed, and, after the environs of Paris were left behind, and the Eiffel Tower lost to sight, was speculating on the probable results of the day's sport, very little game being seen in the vicinity of the railway.

At Versailles other friends joined us, and after a short journey we arrived at our destination, where our host and two carriages were awaiting our arrival.

Gun cases and cartridge bags were piled in, my dog, the only one present, was put under the seat, and, with but little delay, we were soon rattling along towards the shoot. The roads here are paved with flat stones, and bordered at irregular intervals by fruit trees. Once we passed close to the gloomy bastions of an isolated fort, then through an open country, flat and bare of hedgerows and fences. The whole of the land was under cultivation, and on each side of the road were immense fields of yellow gleaming stubbles, or acre after acre of potatoes or beetroot, which is here used for the manufacture of sugar.

After a drive of five miles we halted where a whole army of keepers and beaters were lounging about close to a big field of potatoes, affording excellent holding cover for birds, and, as we saw covey after covey feeding on the stubbles as we passed along, it appeared probable that sport would be good. The keepers quickly got guns put together, and then a man was told off to accompany each gun, and loaded himself with cartridges and a game bag. A line was then formed, three beaters between each gun, and we commenced to walk through the potatoes, into which the birds apparently had been previously driven from the stubbles on this shoot. Partridges were very plentiful, but exceedingly wild, although this was only the second day of the season on this beat. They rose by the score, and the firing was incessant, but very little time was spent in searching for wounded or dead birds, and as no dogs were present except my retriever, who, owing to the intense heat and dry sandy soil, combined with a total absence of scent, was practically of little use, numerous birds were lost.

The personal attendant of each gun was supposed to mark down the birds shot, and to carry those killed by the gun, but with the numerous coveys constantly being flushed, his task was a most difficult one. With ten guns and thirty beaters, independently of the head-keeper and attendants, each beat covered a considerable extent of ground, and the walking in high roots and deep sand, with a tropical sun overhead, was tiring in the extreme. Many of the men carried sixteen-bore, and, of course, in all cases the French smokeless powder was used. This powder, apparently, would compare favourably with the English Nitros, but the recoil was much greater, in fact, after a time it became unpleasant, and apt to cause *gun* headache.

As we advanced birds became even more numerous and rose in big packs, but very wild. I learnt afterwards that over 600 hand-reared partridges had been turned down on this beat, and the head-keeper told me that he had lost very few during the rearing season, but feared the Paris poachers would pay him a visit with their nets. Nearly the whole of the partridges killed were Hungarians, and during the day I personally only saw one lot of "red legs." There was also a fair show of hares, of which some thirty or so were killed. The birds were wild as they were occasionally swung back over the line of advancing guns and beaters, affording every variety of rocketing shot, and I must say I was surprised at the manner in which some of the guns accounted for these difficult shots, killing their birds in a style that savoured more of a partridge drive or high pheasants on an English manor than of walked up birds in France.

After three hours of continual walking in thick cover, lunch time proved most welcome. Two of the party were knocked up by the excessive heat, and were not able to continue shooting after luncheon, and the retriever also suffered severely from the hot sun and was left behind. Thin shooting garments were saturated with perspiration, and the sun streamed down with tropical intensity on the bare plain, the mirage dancing over the green stretches of roots and flickering on the stubbles. We expected, at least, to get amongst some scattered birds in the holding cover, but they quickly gathered together, and, as a rule, rose in big coveys out of shot, and it was only when the flanks wheeled round that any considerable number of birds were killed. No need here to follow birds, as they rose before us in clouds as we walked across the potatoes or waded through the beet.

As the afternoon wore on a haze settled over the country, and once or twice the dull, heavy boom of a big gun rang out from one of the several forts in the distance. At rare intervals were large farm buildings with the high distillery chimney affording a landmark for miles. The crops of beet were very large, several hundred acres in extent, with big strips of potato land interspersed here and there. As the shadows lengthened, we worked back towards the keeper's house, where the day's bag was found to reach the respectable total of 110 brace of partridges and thirty-one hares. I have no doubt that at least fifty dead and wounded birds were lost during the day, and had birds not been so wild, or had they been driven, 200 brace could easily have been killed.

After a look through the kennels, where a brace or two of spaniels only were kept, we drove back to a small station near Versailles by a different route passing through some park-like grounds, where pheasants were strutting about in the afternoon sunshine, and numerous rabbits feeding near the coverts, the long lines of bushes running out at right angles to the wood proving that the long net is not unknown to French poachers.

ARDAROS.

TOWN TOPICS.

THERE is at present on view at the galleries of Messrs. Artemus Tooth and Co., Queen Victoria Street, a painting by the well-known Australian artist, Mr. M. R. Gawen, entitled, "Where Mist and Mountain Mingle." Following the style of subject so successfully rendered a few months ago in his picture called "Highland Tenants," which was hung in the Melbourne National Gallery, Mr. Gawen has again repaired to the Highlands of Scotland for his inspiration. His work portrays a bold range of mountain robed in rising mist, with a rushing stream coming across the heather-clad moor. The centre of the composition is occupied by a group of Highland cattle menaced by a collie, the fine black bull with head lowered to resist the attack being excellently depicted. "Where Mist and Mountain Mingle" is unmistakably a page from Nature.

Mr. Sheriff-Elect Dewar is to be congratulated on the recognition his many good qualities, and of the respect and esteem in which he is held, has received at the hands of his fellow-citizens of the Ward of Aldgate. A public subscription was raised to present him with a chain of office, and in less than a week more than the necessary amount was subscribed. The energetic efforts of the honorary secretary of the fund, Mr. David Paterson, undoubtedly did much, but the popularity of the sheriff-elect did more, to secure such a ready response to the invitation to subscribe. It was a kindly thought gracefully carried out, and in making the presentation Mr. Alderman Pound hit the right nail on the head by stating the fact that Mr. Dewar is a "thorough all-round sportsman" as the first and most important qualification for the honourable office to which the suffrages of his fellow-citizens have elected him. In the performance of the onerous duties which will fall to his lot, the sheriff-elect carries with him the heartiest good wishes of everyone for his success.

At their Conduit Street Auction Galleries, on Wednesday last, Messrs. Knight, Frank, and Rutley sold a collection of London-made guns, including a 12-bore hammerless gun, Boswell, 14 guineas; a pair of guns by Dougall, 45 guineas; a pair of 12-bore hammerless guns, by Greener, £28; a well-used Purdey gun, 16 guineas; another pair by Adams sold for £25, and a pair by Stephen Grant brought £27.

The Buckland Estate, Gloucestershire, over 2,000 acres in extent, has just been disposed of, by private treaty, to Mr. W. Adam, of Kidderminster, through the agency of Messrs. Osborn and Mercer, of Albemarle Street, London, W. Although the exact price has not transpired, we believe it was approaching £50,000.

The beauty of the interior of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the decoration of which has just been completed by Sir Arthur Blomfield, R.A., must be doubly agreeable to the parishioners, since it has cost them nothing. The sum of £4,000 paid by Harrod's Stores for the privilege of erecting gigantic stands for sightseers on Jubilee Day defrayed the expense. It may not be generally known that St. Martin's-in-the-Fields is the Queen's and Prince of Wales's parish church.

The Prince of Wales is back in England, and the Princess is expected at the end of the week. Her youngest daughter, Princess Karl of Denmark, was always devoted to England and everything English, and now that she has married a Danish Prince who is always at sea, Her Royal Highness would like to spend most of her time in her native country. But there are difficulties in the way, and our Princess Maud's sweet little face often wears a cloud of sadness. There was never a more affectionately devoted family than that of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and separation is a grief indeed to any member of it.

The young Duke of Albany and Prince Alexander of Battenberg are both at school at Park Place, Lyndhurst, and have returned there at the close of the vacation.

Lady Helen Stewart, only daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, attained her majority last month, being nearly two years older than Lord Castlereagh. The household servants at Wynyard presented her with a handsome carriage clock on the occasion, and Lady Helen made a charming speech, remarking that though the clock might mark the flight of time, she would never forget the happy days she had passed at Wynyard. Lady Helen is extremely fond of dogs, and is a member of the Ladies' Kennel Club.

The new Supper Club at the Grafton Gallery will shortly open. The Prince of Wales is to be among the earliest guests. As it is a private club, suppers can be served after twelve. On the committee are the Earls of Coventry, Ava, and Onslow, Sir Horace Farquhar, and other well-known men. The catering will be of a superior description, being in the hands of the famous Benoit.

Another Curious Nesting-Place.



A NEST ON AN OLD HAT.

THE following interesting letter descriptive of the illustration given herewith, was received during the month of August from Mr. C. H. Laprimandage, of Three Bridges, Sussex:—"I enclose you a photograph of a swallow's nest, with young, built in a woodshed here, on an old hat hanging on a nail about six feet from the ground. Had it been a sparrow's or robin's nest it would not have been so remarkable, but swallows, I think, generally place their nests out of reach.

"In this case a man goes in every morning to chop wood, and anyone, by standing on a box, can look into the nest. But as soon as visitors have gone, the parents return and feed their young without fear."

Notes from my Diary

by Mlle. Sans-Gêne.

MONDAY: Nellie is the most extravagant woman that ever lived. After buying every possible costume to do honour to her trousseau, she is spending all her time now in wandering about the shops in search of what she can discover to supplement her possessions. It is very easy to find something to buy nowadays. At last the new models have arrived, the new styles are proclaimed, the new hats abound in their hundreds, and the word "fashion" has a significance once more. I have seen a beautiful gown in infinitesimally checked velvet in green and blue, with lines of black braid trimming the coat, boasting a waistcoat of a light green cloth, with a cravat of old lace at the neck. This, completed with a toque of three shades of green velvet and one rosette of pale turquoise blue, was quite lovely. Plaid velvet is not cheap—nothing is very inexpensive to-day.



BLACK BROCADE DRESS WITH LACE BODICE.

The latest idea of decorating a cloth dress reminds me of the Tudor styles, for it shows conventional designs in cloth padded. The effect of this is picturesque, if perhaps somewhat suggestive of Madame Tussaud's, yet in the eye of the expert it calls loudly for admiration when well accomplished. There is much fur trimming on all the best of the cloth dresses, chinchilla or sable being the favourite beasts, while broad-tail is to share with sealskin the privilege of making the winter jackets.

Those eminent authorities who declared that the pouched bodice was to be a thing of the past must hide their diminished heads, for every model boasts a bag in the front, though the fullness in the back is considerably limited. I have met a lovely blue cloth dress, with the bodice trimmed with three shades of blue velvet, the yoke of old lace bordered with bands of sable.

There is much blue abroad and at home. It is very becoming, so may be accepted with pleasure. Red is also popular. An excellent red cloth dress, lined throughout with white satin, I have met, made in the simplest form, with the coat merely trimmed with strappings induced into scrolls across the back and scrolls on either side of the velvet revers in the front, completed with a waistcoat of ivory lace, striped with lines of ermine. Lace waistcoats trimmed with fur are the immediate objects of my existence. I have been spending the morning making myself one of fine pieces of insertion joined together with narrow strips of sable-tail, flattering myself that this, worn with a grey coat and skirt and a grey velvet hat bound with sable, will form an ideal costume for the immediate moment. Nellie is very impatient. She has been hammering at my door for the last five seconds, urging me to leave off scribbling and go down and play picquet with her. She has a positive passion for picquet, which will ultimately lead her to insolvency—so that she plays with me, this being a game I do understand.

TUESDAY: I shop, and I shop, and I shop, which sounds like a nursery rhyme, with reason, for I have nothing to wear. My last clothes of summer have faded and gone, and Nellie has infected me with her prodigal habits. I ordered a charming dress to-day of dark Wedgwood blue. This is to be of cloth, made with a pouched bodice and a belt of blue suède buckled with steel and sapphires, with a waistcoat of a light shade of blue silk and the collar of the bodice hemmed with three shades of blue velvet. It is to be crowned with a hat showing three shades of blue and trimmed with many speckled brown wings, of the pheasant tribe, I think. I spent the whole morning buying this, and I have spent the whole afternoon thinking what a success it will be. This evening I went to the Comedy Theatre to see one of the most exquisite pieces of acting it has ever been my privilege to witness. "One Summer's Day" is altogether a most charming play. Not only is it at once humorous and pathetic, but it is literary in style. Miss Eva Moore looks delicious in a river costume with a light skirt and a blue and white striped shirt, and rustic hat trimmed with a scarf of the blue and white straw; but this was a detail of comparatively no importance compared with the acting of Charles Hawtrey, which is quite great.

THURSDAY: Trixie is still in Paris, and writes me valuable news:—

"DEAREST,—

"You don't deserve my attentions, and this is why I lavish them upon you.

"I continue in this gay and expensive capital, and I wish to draw your special notice to the popularity of jet. It may take you some time to realise it. This is why I insist upon it each week. Black net dresses, profusely covered with black jet, are indispensable to the wardrobe of every well-dressed woman. You must also patronise blue in all shades; for ordinary everyday wear this colour obtains an enormous popularity over here.

Then, again, you may be permitted the privilege of continuing to wear your plaid neckties, but I must insist that you adopt an elaborate belt, very narrow, of leather, set with smoke pearl and steel. I should like you to choose one, and another you might have of chains of oxydised silver, set with emeralds.

"The best model gown I have seen this week is of green and black stripes, with the bodice turning back with a collar of green cloth, to show a perfectly tight waistcoat of Royal blue velvet. Blue is permitted everywhere—I repeat this again and again. Most of the hats have small beef-eater crowns. I don't



BURN'T STRAW HAT, BLACK VELVET, WITH BLACK AND WHITE RIBBON.

find the toque so very general, and there is much prejudice in favour of a piece of fur on the hat. I have seen sable, or astrachan and some dyed catskin, all used for such purpose. The Parisians are attempting to make us love furs treated with appliqué of coloured velvet and braid and jet, but, seriously, I do not believe we shall ever take to these. I saw a curious evening cloak the other day made of white broad-tail, traced with jet, and frilled with chiffon. Don't forget it is essential to the success of your sealskin that you have a lining to the collar and the cuffs of ermine or white broad-tail, and let me tell you that the latest shape in muffs is long and narrow, made of velvet, hemmed with ermine, and lined with ermine. Now I think I have told you sufficient to give you an excuse for writing me a letter of gratitude. You had better be very quick about it though, for I am coming home next week; and I am,

"Yours always,

"TRIXIE."

IN THE GARDEN.

BULBOUS FLOWERS OTHER THAN NARCISSES.

THE Daffodil formed the chief feature in our notes recently, and is therefore excluded from the present article upon the great family of bulbous flowers. We are realising the beauty of this great section of hardy plants, and learning to rejoice in the jewels that spring brings, from early February until the flowers of summer approach, a hundred fresh coloured things opening to warmer suns and sunnier skies. Those who wish for colour in their gardens in spring must now seriously consider what to plant, either in the border, meadow, or in pots.

THE SMALLER-FLOWERED BULBS.

These form a delightful race, fresh, pretty, and varied. A break of Scillas dyes the earth deepest blue, and it is by planting a bold group of each kind that rich pictures are obtained. As it is impossible to deal at any length with the bulbous family of plants and the infinite ways of using them, we hope readers who desire more knowledge than can be gleaned from our notes will ask for individual advice. Amongst the smaller bulbs, none are more charming than the Scillas. *S. sibirica* brightening the garden with its blue flowers quite early in spring. *S. bifolia*, a deep blue kind, is welcome, too, and it has many varieties, *taurica* and *alba* (white) being the most worthy of note. The Italian Scilla and the glorious Spanish *S. campanulata* are good garden bulbs, all of which should be planted as soon as they arrive.

SPANISH SCILLAS AND BLUEBELLS.

These are nearly related, but sufficiently distinct to plant freely in the same garden. The Spanish Scilla blooms in the first summer days, and is so hardy and vigorous that even in small, unhealthy-looking suburban gardens it grows and flowers freely. The type or parent has blue flowers, and pretty varieties are the white and rose-coloured, both as vigorous as the blue species. It is surprising how well the plants thrive in the shade, where few things so beautiful in colouring as these will live. This makes the Spanish Scillas far more valuable. They may be planted by woodland and shady drives, or in any recess where sunlight filters through the branches.

BEAUTY OF BLUEBELLS.

No English flower colours the woodland in the same beautiful way as the Bluebell. Many readers probably know, however, little of the varieties which are vigorous border plants, and fitted also for the shade. The white variety called *alba* in books is as pure as driven snow, *caerulea* is a paler blue than our woodland jewel, and *rosea* is a pretty rose colour. Associate them with the Spanish Scillas, planting them by shrubberies or edges of wood.

THE CHIONODOXAS.

The Chionodoxas are as pretty as the Scillas, *C. sardensis*, rich blue, *C. Lucilia*, blue with white centre, and *C. gigantea*, almost self blue, being the three kinds to choose. *C. sardensis* is less free than the others, but its blue colour is intense. These are for the border, rock garden, and grass. Other bulbs to make note of for present planting are Colchicums, when the flowers are past, Crocuses, Dog's-tooth Violets (*Erythronium*), Hyacinth, Fritillary, Snow-drop, Iris (English and Spanish), Snowflake (*Leucocorymbus*), Lily, Muscari (Grape Hyacinth), Narcissus, the beautiful *Lilium grandiflorum* or white Wood-Lily, and Tulips. The

GRAPE HYACINTHS

are a family little appreciated. We can never understand why flowers so beautiful in colour and effect should receive scant attention. They last long in bloom, and are in full beauty when the flush of spring flowers is over. Naturalised on a grassy slope or planted in the border, either in groups or as an edging, the Muscaris possess a distinct charm. There are many kinds all at home in a warm, well-drained soil, but we will restrict the selection. A beautiful kind is *M. conicum*, the flowers of a true blue colour and strongly scented. We saw spreading masses of this last year in the grounds of Messrs. Barr and Sons, Long Ditton, and thought how much gardens lost by the absence of this rare Muscari. The flowers are individually small, but crowded into a dense spike, in this family. *M. conicum* is particularly bold and fragrant, and the stems are sufficiently long to gather for decorations. This beautiful kind is succeeded by *M. armeniacum*. *M. botryoides*, deep blue, its variety *album*, *M. Heldreichii*, and the dainty February flowering *M. azureum*, are welcome too. The Feathered Hyacinth (*M. plumosum monstrosum*) is a strange-looking flower, the flowers cut into filaments. It is larger altogether than the other Muscaris.

THE JAPANESE VINE (*Vitis Coignetiae*).

Those who care for the Vines, apart from the fruit-giving kinds, will welcome the Japanese *Vitis Coignetiae*, the most handsome perhaps of the family. It is the latest ornamental acquisition, having been recently brought from north of Japan. The growth is remarkably vigorous, the leaves, which measure nearly a foot across, turning rich crimson in the autumn. A wall of this, or planted over some gable, is at this season a brilliant mass of colour. The Vines are a beautiful group of climbers, and we shall have more to write of them shortly.



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PHYSALIS FRANCHETTI.

This brilliant hardy plant is a variety of the Winter Cherry (*Physalis Alkekengi*), but finer in every way. Its orange scarlet calyces, which contain the small Tomato-like fruit, hang like miniature Chinese lanterns from the vigorous leafy shoots. These glowing shoots are of much value for indoor decorations, and last many months bright in colour. A warm light soil agrees both with the species and this newer Japanese form.

EARLY CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

These are very charming in gardens where a good collection is grown, and we hope those who enjoy plenty of colour at this season will make a free use of the best kinds. There is a wider choice available now, and the colours are richer and more varied.